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THE WORKS OF  
EUGENE FIELD

Vol. IX













THE WRITINGS IN  
PROSE AND VERSE  
OF EUGENE FIELD

SONGS ♪ AND  
OTHER VERSE

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S  
SONS ♪ NEW YORK ♪ 1899

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JULIA SUTHERLAND FIELD.

## INTRODUCTION

“IT is about impossible for a man to get rid of his Puritan grandfathers, and nobody who has ever had one has ever escaped his Puritan grandmother;” so said Eugene Field to me one sweet April day, when we talked together of the things of the spirit. It is one of his own confessions that he was fond of clergymen. Most preachers are supposed to be helplessly tied up with such a set of limitations that there are but a few jokes which they may tolerate, and a small number of delights into which they may enter. Doubtless many a cheerful soul likes to meet such of the clergy, in order that the worldling may feel the contrast of liberty with bondage, and demonstrate by bombardment of wit and humor, how intellec-

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tually thin are the walls against which certain forms of skepticism and fun offend. Eugene Field did not belong to these. He called them "a tribe which do unseemly beset the saints." Nobody has ever had a more numerous or loving clientage of friendship among the ministers of this city than the author of "The Holy Cross" and "The Little Yaller Baby." Those of this number who were closest to the full-hearted singer know that beneath and within all his exquisite wit and ludicrous raillery — so often directed against the shallow formalist, or the unctuous hypocrite — there were an aspiration toward the divine, and a desire for what is often slightly called "religious conversation," as sincere as it was resistless within him. My own first remembrance of him brings back a conversation which ended in a prayer, and the last sight I had of him was when he said, only four days before his death, "Well, then, we will set the day soon and you will come out and baptize the children."

Some of the most humorous of his letters which have come under the observation of

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his clerical friends, were addressed to the secretary of one of them. Some little business matters with regard to his readings and the like had acquainted him with a better kind of handwriting than he had been accustomed to receive from his pastor, and, noting the finely appended signature, "per ——— ———," Field wrote a most effusively complimentary letter to his ministerial friend, congratulating him upon the fact that emanations from his office, or parochial study, were "now readable as far West as Buena Park." At length, nothing having appeared in writing by which he might discover that ——— ——— was a lady of his own acquaintance, she whose valuable services he desired to recognize was made the recipient of a series of beautifully illuminated and daintily written letters, all of them quaintly begun, continued, and ended in ecclesiastical terminology, most of them having to do with affairs in which the two gentlemen only were primarily interested, the larger number of them addressed in English to "Brother ———," in care of the minister, and yet others directed in Latin:

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Ad Fratrem ———

In curam, Sanctissimi patris ———, doctoris  
divinitatis,

Apud Institutionem Armouriensem,  
CHICAGO,

ILLINOIS.

{ Ab Eugenio Agro, }  
{ peccatore misere }

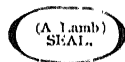
Even the mail-carrier appeared to know what fragrant humor escaped from the envelope.

Here is a specimen inclosure:

BROTHER ——— : I am to read some of my things before the senior class of the Chicago University next Monday evening. As there is undoubtedly more or less jealousy between the presidents of the two south side institutions of learning, I take it upon myself to invite the lord bishop of Armourville, our holy père, to be present on that occasion in his pontifical robes and followed by all the dignitaries of his see, including yourself. The processional will occur at 8 o'clock sharp, and the recessional circa 9:30. Pax vobiscum. Salute the holy Father with a kiss, and believe me, dear brother,

Your fellow lamb in the old Adam,

EUGENIO AGRO.



The First Wednesday after Pay day,  
September 11, 1895.



## INTRODUCTION

On an occasion of this lady's visit to the South-west, where Field's fancied association of cowboys and miners was formed, she was fortunate enough to obtain for the decoration of his library the rather extraordinary Indian blanket which often appears in the sketches of his loved workshop, and for the decoration of himself a very fine necktie made of the skin of a diamond-back rattlesnake. Some other friend had given his boys a "vociferant burro." After the presentation was made, though for two years he had met her socially and at the pastor's office, he wrote to the secretary, in acknowledgment, as follows:

DEAR BROTHER —: I thank you most heartily for the handsome specimens of heathen manufacture which you brought with you for me out of the land of Nod. Mrs. Field is quite charmed with the blanket, but I think I prefer the necktie; the Old Adam predominates in me, and this pelt of the serpent appeals with peculiar force to my appreciation of the vicious and the sinful. Nearly every morning I don that necktie and go out and twist the supersensitive tail of our intelligent imported burro until the profane beast burthens the air with his ribald protests. I shall ask the holy father — Père — — to bring you with him when he comes again to pay a

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parochial visit to my house. I have a fair and gracious daughter into whose companionship I would fain bring so circumspect and diligent a young man as the holy father represents you to be. Therefore, without fear or trembling accompany that saintly man whensoever he says the word. Thereby you shall further make me your debtor. I send you every assurance of cordial regard, and I beg you to salute the holy father for me with a kiss, and may peace be unto his house and unto all that dwell therein.

Always faithfully yours,  
EUGENE FIELD.

CHICAGO, MAY 26, 1892.

He became acquainted with the leading ladies of the Aid Society of the Plymouth Church, and was thoroughly interested in their work. Partly in order to say "Good-bye" before his leaving for California in 1893, and partly, no doubt, that he might continue this humorous correspondence, as he did, he hunted up an old number of Peterson's Magazine, containing a very highly colored and elaborate pattern for knit slippers, such as clergymen received at Christmas thirty years ago, and, inclosing it with utmost care, he forwarded it to the aforesaid "Brother——" with this note:

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DEAR BROTHER —: It has occurred to me that maybe the sisters of our congregation will want to make our dear pastor a handsome present this Christmas; so I inclose a lovely pattern for slippers, and I shall be glad to ante up my share of the expense, if the sisters decide to give our dear pastor this beautiful gift. I should like the pattern better if it had more red in it, but it will do very nicely. As I intend to go to California very soon, you'll have to let me know at once what the assessment *per cap.* is, or the rest of the sisters will be compelled to bear the full burthen of the expense. Brother, I salute you with an holy kiss, and I rejoice with you, humbly and meekly and without insolent vaunting, that some of us are not as other men are.

Your fellow-lamb,

EUGENE FIELD,

BUENA PARK, ILL., DECEMBER 4, 1893.

This was only one phase of the life of this great-hearted man, as it came close to his friends in the ministry. Other clergymen who knew him well will not forget his overflowing kindness in times of sickness and weariness. At least one will not forget the last day of their meeting and the ardor of the poet's prayer. Religion, as the Christian life, was not less sacred to him because he knew how poorly men achieve the task of living always at the best level, nor did the

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reality of the soul's approach to God grow less noble or commanding to him because he knew that too seldom do we lift our voices heavenward. I am permitted to copy this one letter addressed to a clerical friend, at a time when Eugene Field responded to the call of that undying puritanism in his blood:

DEAR, DEAR FRIEND: I was greatly shocked to read in the *Post* last night of your dangerous illness. It is so seldom that I pray that when I do God knows I am in earnest. I do not pester Him with small matters. It is only when I am in real want that I get down on my wicked knees and pray. And I prayed for you last night, dear friend, for your friendship — the help that it is to me — is what I need, and I cannot be bereft of it. God has always been good to me, and He has said yes to my prayer, I am sure. Others, too — thousands of them — are praying for you, and for your restoration to health; none other has had in it more love and loyalty than my prayer had, and none other, dear friend, among the thousands whom you have blessed with your sweet friendship, loves you better than I do.

EUGENE FIELD.

BUENA PARK, NOVEMBER 15, 1893.

I am still sick abed and I find it hard to think out and write a letter. Read between the lines and the love there will comfort you more than my faulty words can.

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I have often thought, as I saw him through his later years espousing the noblest causes with true-hearted zeal, of what he once said in the old "Saints' and Sinners' Corner" when a conversation sprang up on the death of Professor David Swing. His words go far to explain to me that somewhat reckless humor which oftentimes made it seem that he loved to imitate and hold in the pillory of his own inimitable powers of mimicry some of the least attractive forms of the genus *parson* he had seen and known. He said: "A good many things I do and say are things I have to employ to keep down the intention of those who wanted me to be a parson. I guess their desire got into my blood, too, for I have always to preach some little verses or I cannot get through Christmastide."

He had to get on with blood which was exquisitely harmonious with the heart of the Christ. He was not only a born member of the Society for the Prevention of Sorrow to Mankind, but he was by nature a champion of a working Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This society was composed of himself. He wished to enlarge

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the membership of this latter association, but nobody was as orthodox in the faith as to the nobility of a balky horse, and he found none as intolerant of ill-treatment toward any and every brute, as was he. Professor Swing had written and read at the Parliament of Religions an essay on the Humane Treatment of the Brutes, which became a classic before the ink was dry, and one day Field proposed to him and another clergyman that they begin a practical crusade. On those cold days, drivers were demanding impossible things of smooth-shod horses on icy streets, and he saw many a noble beast on his knees, "begging me," as he said, "to get him a priest." Field's scheme was that the delicate and intelligent seer, David Swing, and his less refined and less gentle contemporary should go with him to the City Hall and be sworn in as special policemen and "do up these fellows." His clear blue eye was like a palpitating morning sky, and his whole thin and tall frame shook with passionate missionary zeal. "Ah," said he, as the beloved knight of the unorthodox explained that if he undertook the proposed

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task he would surely have to abandon all other work, "I never was satisfied that you were orthodox." His other friend had already fallen in his estimate as to fitness for such work. For, had not Eugene Field once started out to pay a bill of fifteen dollars, and had he not met a semblance of a man on the street who was beating a lengthily under-jawed and bad-eyed bull-dog of his own, for some misdemeanor? "Yea, verily," confessed the poet-humorist, who was then a reformer. "Why didn't you have him arrested, Eugene?" "Why, well, I was going jingling along with some new verses in my heart, and I knew I'd lose the *tempo* if I became militant. I said, 'What'll you take for him?' The pup was so homely that his face ached, but, as I was in a hurry to get to work, I gave him the fifteen dollars, and took the beast to the office." For a solitary remark uttered at the conclusion of this relation and fully confirmed as to its justness by an observation of the dog, his only other human prop for this enterprise was discarded. "Oh, you won't do," he said.

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Christianity was increasingly dear to him as the discovery of childhood and the unfolding of its revelations. Into what long disquisitions he delighted to go, estimating the probable value of the idea that all returning to righteousness must be a child's returning. He saw what an influence such a conception has upon the hard and fast lines of habit and destiny to melt them down. He had a still greater estimate of the importance of the fact that Jesus of Nazareth came and lived as a child; and the dream of the last year of his life was to write, in the mood of the Holy-Cross tale, a sketch of the early years of the Little Galilean Peasant-Boy. This vision drifted its light into all his pictures of children at the last. He knew the "Old Adam" in us all, especially as he reappeared in the little folk. "But I don't believe the depravity is total, do you?" he said, "else a child would not care to hear about Mary's Little One;"—and then he would go on, following the Carpenter's Son about the cottage and over the hill, and rejoicing that, in following Him thus, he came back to his own open-eyed childhood.



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“But, you know,” said he, “my childhood was full of the absurdities and strenu-  
osities” (this last was his word) “of my  
puritan surroundings. Why, I never knew  
how naturally and easily I can get back into  
the veins of an old puritan grandfather that  
one of my grandmothers must have had —  
and how hard it is for me to behave there,  
until I read Alice Morse Earle’s ‘The Sab-  
bath in New England.’ I read that book  
nearly all night, if haply I might subdue the  
confusion and sorrows that were wrought  
in me by eating a Christmas pie on that  
feast-day. The fact is, my immediate eccle-  
siastical belongings are Episcopalian. I am  
of the church of Archbishop Laud and King  
Charles of blessed memory. I like good,  
thick Christmas pie, ‘reeking with sapid  
juices,’ full-ripe and zealous for good or ill.  
But my ‘Separatist’ ancestors all mistook  
gastric difficulties for spiritual graces, and,  
living in me, they all revolt and want to sail  
in the Mayflower, or hold town-meetings  
inside of me after feast-day.”

Then, as if he had it in his mind,—poor,  
pale, yellow-skinned sufferer,—to attract

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one to the book he delighted in, he related that he fell asleep with this delicious volume in his hand, and this is part of the dream he sketched afterward;

“I went alone to the meeting-house the which those who are sinfully inclined toward Rome would call a ‘church,’ and it was on the Sabbath day. I yearned and strove to repent me of the merry mood and full sorry humors of Christmastide. For did not Judge Sewall make public his confession of having an overwhelming sense of inward condemnation for having opposed the Almighty with the witches of Salem? I fancied that one William F. Poole of the Newberry Library went also to comfort me and strengthen, as he would fain have done for the Judge. Not one of us carried a cricket, though Friend Poole related that he had left behind a ‘seemly brassen foot-stove’ full of hot coals from his hearthstone. On the day before, Pelitiah Underwood, the wolf-killer, had destroyed a fierce beast; and now the head thereof was ‘nayled to the meeting-house with a notice thereof.’ It grinned at me and spit forth fire such as I felt within

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me. I was glad to enter the house, which was 'lathed on the inside and so daubed and whitened over workmanlike.' I had not been there, as it bethought me, since the day of the raising, when Jonathan Strong did 'break his thy,' and when all made complaint that only £9 had been spent for liquor, punch, beere, and flip, for the raising, whereas, on the day of the ordination, even at supper-time, besides puddings of corn meal and 'sewet baked therein, pyes, tarts, beare-stake and deer-meat,' there were 'cyder, rum-bitters, sling, old Barbadoes spirit, and Josslyn's nectar, made of Maligo raisins, spices, and syrup of clove gilly-flowers'—all these given out freely to the worshippers over a newly made bar at the church door—God be praised! As I mused on this merry ordination, the sounding-board above the pulpit appeared as if to fall upon the pulpit, whereon I read, after much effort: '*Holiness is the Lord's.*' The tassels and carved pomegranates on the sounding-board became living creatures and changed themselves into grimaces, and I was woefully wrought upon by the red

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cushion on the pulpit, which did seem a bag of fire. As the minister was heard coming up the winding stairs unseen, and, yet more truly, as his head at length appeared through the open trap-doorway, I thought him Satan, and, but for friend Poole, I had cried out lustily in fear. Terror fled me when I considered that none might do any harm there. For was not the church militant now assembled? Besides, had they not obeyed the law of the General Court that each congregation should carry a 'competent number of pieces, fixed and complete with powder and shot and swords, every Lord's-day at the meeting-house?' And, right well equipped 'with psalm-book, shot and powder-horn' sat that doughty man, Shear Yashub Millard along with Hezekiah Bristol and four others whose issue I have known pleasantly in the flesh here; and those of us who had no pieces wore 'coats basted with cotton-wool, and thus made defensive against Indian arrows.' Yet it bethought me that there was no defence against what I had devoured on Christmas day. I had rather been the least of these,—even he who

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‘blew the Kunk’ — than to be thus seated there and afeared that the brethren in the ‘pitts’ doubted I had true religion. That I had found a proper seat—even this I wot not; and I quaked, for had not two of my kin been fined near unto poverty for ‘disorderly going and setting in seats not theirs by any means,’ so great was their sin. It had not yet come upon the day when there was a ‘dignifying of the meeting.’ Did not even the pious Judge Sewall’s second spouse once sit in the foreseat when he thought to have taken her into ‘his own pue?’ and, she having died in a few months, did not that godly man exclaim: ‘God in his holy Sovereignty put my wife out of the Foreseat?’ Was I not also in recollection by many as one who once ‘prophaned the Lord’s Day in ye meeting-house, in ye times of ye forenoone service, by my rude and Indecent acting in Laughing and other Doings by my face with Tabatha Morgus, against ye peace of our Sovereign Lord ye King, His crown and Dignity?’

At this, it appears that I groaned in my sleep, for I was not only asleep here and now, but I was dreaming that I was asleep

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there and then, in the meeting-house. It was in this latter sleep that I groaned so heavily in spirit and in body that the tithing-man, or awakener, did approach me from behind, without stopping to brush me to awakening by the fox-taile which was fixed to the end of his long staffe, or even without painfully sticking into my body his sharp and pricking staffe which he did sometimes use. He led me out bodily to the noone-house, where I found myself fully awakened, but much broken in spirit. Then and there did I write these verses, which I send to you :

“ Mother,” says I, “ is that a pie ? ” in tones akin to  
scorning ;

“ It is, my son,” quoth she, “ and one full ripe for  
Christmas morning !

It ’s fat with plums as big as your thumbs, reeking with  
sapid juices,

And you ’ll find within all kinds of sin our grocery  
store produces ! ”

“ O, well,” says I,

“ Seein’ it ’s *pie*

And is guaranteed to please, ma’am,

By your advice,

I ’ll take a slice,

If you ’ll kindly pass the cheese, ma’am ! ”

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But once a year comes Christmas cheer, and one should  
then be merry,

But as for me, as you can see, I 'm disconcerted, very;  
For that pesky pie sticks grimly by my organs of diges-  
tion,

And that 't will stay by me till May or June I make no  
question.

So unto you,

Good fiends and true,

I 'll tip this solemn warning:

At every price,

Eschew the vice

Of eating pie in the morning.

FRANK W. GUNSAULUS.

CHICAGO, March, 1896.





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## Songs and Other Verse





## THE SINGING IN GOD'S ACRE



UT yonder in the moonlight, where-  
in God's Acre lies,  
Go angels walking to and fro, sing-  
ing their lullabies.

Their radiant wings are folded, and their eyes  
are bended low,  
As they sing among the beds whereon the  
flowers delight to grow,—

“Sleep, oh, sleep!

The Shepherd guardeth His sheep.

Fast speedeth the night away,  
Soon cometh the glorious day;  
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may,  
Sleep, oh, sleep !”

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

The flowers within God's Acre see that fair  
and wondrous sight,  
And hear the angels singing to the sleepers  
through the night;  
And, lo! throughout the hours of day those  
gentle flowers prolong  
The music of the angels in that tender  
slumber-song,—

“Sleep, oh, sleep!  
The Shepherd loveth His sheep.  
He that guardeth His flock the best  
Hath folded them to His loving breast;  
So sleep ye now, and take your rest,—  
Sleep, oh, sleep!”

From angel and from flower the years have  
learned that soothing song,  
And with its heavenly music speed the days  
and nights along;  
So through all time, whose flight the Shep-  
herd's vigils glorify,  
God's Acre slumbereth in the grace of that  
sweet lullaby,—



SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

“Sleep, oh, sleep!

The Shepherd loveth His sheep.

Fast speedeth the night away,

Soon cometh the glorious day;

Sleep, weary ones, while ye may,—

Sleep, oh, sleep!”

## THE DREAM-SHIP

WHEN the world is fast asleep,  
Along the midnight skies —  
As though it were a wandering cloud —  
The ghostly dream-ship flies.

An angel stands at the dream-ship's helm,  
An angel stands at the prow,  
And an angel stands at the dream-ship's side  
With a rue-wreath on her brow.

The other angels, silver-crowned,  
Pilot and helmsman are,  
And the angel with the wreath of rue  
Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor;  
They fall on young and old;  
And some are dreams of poverty,  
And some are dreams of gold.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And some are dreams that thrill with joy,  
And some that melt to tears;  
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,  
And some of the old dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,  
Alike on young and old,  
Bringing to slumbering earth their joys  
And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do  
The deeds of mighty men,  
And drooping age shall feel the grace  
Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman —  
The pauper be a king —  
In that revenge or recompense  
The dream-ship dreams do bring.

So ever downward float the dreams  
That are for all and me,  
And there is never mortal man  
Can solve that mystery.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

But ever onward in its course  
    Along the haunted skies —  
As though it were a cloud astray —  
    The ghostly dream-ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns  
    Pilot and helmsman are,  
And an angel with a wreath of rue  
    Tosseth the dreams afar.

## TO CINNA

CINNA, the great Venusian told  
In songs that will not die  
How in Augustan days of old  
Your love did glorify  
His life and all his being seemed  
Thrilled by that rare incense  
Till, grudging him the dreams he dreamed,  
The gods did call you hence.

Cinna, I've looked into your eyes,  
And held your hands in mine,  
And seen your cheeks in sweet surprise  
Blush red as Massic wine;  
Now let the songs in Cinna's praise  
Be chanted once again,  
For, oh! alone I walk the ways  
We walked together then!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Perhaps upon some star to-night,  
So far away in space  
I cannot see that beacon light  
Nor feel its soothing grace —  
Perhaps from that far-distant sphere  
Her quickened vision seeks  
For this poor heart of mine that here  
To its lost Cinna speaks.

Then search this heart, beloved eyes,  
And find it still as true  
As when in all my boyhood skies  
My guiding stars were you!  
Cinna, you know the mystery  
That is denied to men —  
Mine is the lot to feel that we  
Shall elsewhere love again!

## BALLAD OF WOMEN I LOVE

PRUDENCE MEARS hath an old blue  
plate

Hid away in an oaken chest,  
And a Franklin platter of ancient date  
Beareth Amandy Baker's crest;  
What times soever I 've been their guest,  
Says I to myself in an undertone:  
"Of womenfolk, it must be confessed,  
These do I love, and these alone."

Well, again, in the Nutmeg State,  
Dorothy Pratt is richly blest  
With a relic of art and a land effete —  
A pitcher of glass that 's cut, not pressed.  
And a Washington teapot is possessed  
Down in Pelham by Marthy Stone—  
Think ye now that I say in jest  
"These do I love, and these alone?"

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Were Hepsy Higgins inclined to mate,  
Or Dorcas Eastman prone to invest  
In Cupid's bonds, they could find their fate  
In the bootless bard of Crockery Quest.  
For they 've heaps of trumpery — so have the  
rest  
Of those spinsters whose ware I 'd like  
to own;  
You can see why I say with such certain zest,  
“ These do I love, and these alone.”

### ENVOY

Prince, show me the quickest way and best  
To gain the subject of my moan;  
We've neither spinsters nor relics out West —  
These do I love, and these alone.



## SUPPOSE

SUPPOSE, my dear, that you were I  
And by your side your sweetheart sate;  
Suppose you noticed by and by  
The distance 'twixt you were too great;  
Now tell me, dear, what would you do?  
I know — and so do you.

And when (so comfortably placed)  
Suppose you only grew aware  
That that dear, dainty little waist  
Of hers looked very lonely there;  
Pray tell me sooth — what would you do?  
I know, and so do you.

When, having done what I just did  
With not a frown to check or chill,  
Suppose her red lips seemed to bid  
Defiance to your lordly will;  
Oh, tell me, sweet, what would you do?  
I know, and so do you.

## MYSTERIOUS DOINGS

AS once I rambled in the woods  
I chanced to spy amid the brake  
A huntsman ride his way beside  
A fair and passing tranquil lake;  
Though velvet bucks sped here and there,  
He let them scamper through the green —  
Not one smote he, but lustily  
He blew his horn — what could it mean?

As on I strolled beside that lake,  
A pretty maid I chanced to see  
Fishing away for finny prey,  
Yet not a single one caught she;  
All round her boat the fishes leapt  
And gambolled to their hearts' content,  
Yet never a thing did the maid but sing —  
I wonder what on earth it meant.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

As later yet I roamed my way,  
A lovely steed neighed loud and long,  
And an empty boat sped all afloat  
Where sang a fishermaid her song;  
All underneath the prudent shade,  
Which yonder kindly willows threw,  
Together strayed a youth and maid —  
I can't explain it all, can you?

WITH TWO SPOONS FOR TWO  
SPOONS

HOW trifling shall these gifts appear  
Among the splendid many  
That loving friends now send to cheer  
Harvey and Ellen Jenney.

And yet these baubles symbolize  
A certain fond relation  
That well beseems, as I surmise,  
This festive celebration.

Sweet friends of mine, be spoons once more,  
And with your tender cooing  
Renew the keen delights of yore —  
The rapturous bliss of wooing.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

What though that silver in your hair  
Tells of the years a-flying?  
'T is yours to mock at Time and Care  
With love that is undying.

In memory of this Day, dear friends,  
Accept the modest token  
From one who with the bauble sends  
A love that can't be spoken.

## MARY SMITH

AWAY down East where I was reared  
amongst my Yankee kith,  
There used to live a pretty girl whose name  
was Mary Smith;  
And though it 's many years since last I saw  
that pretty girl,  
And though I feel I 'm sadly worn by West-  
ern strife and whirl;  
Still, oftentimes, I think about the old famil-  
iar place,  
Which, someway, seemed the brighter for  
Miss Mary's pretty face,  
And in my heart I feel once more revived  
the glow  
I used to feel in those old times when I was  
Mary's beau.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

I saw her home from singing school — she  
warbled like a bird.

A sweeter voice than hers for song or speech  
I never heard.

She was soprano in the choir, and I a solemn  
bass,

And when we unisoned our voices filled that  
holy place;

The tenor and the alto never had the slight-  
est chance,

For Mary's upper register made every heart-  
string dance;

And, as for me, I shall not brag, and yet I'd  
have you know

I sung a very likely bass when I was Mary's  
beau.

On Friday nights I'd drop around to make  
my weekly call,

And though I came to visit her, I'd have to  
see 'em all.

With Mary's mother sitting here and Mary's  
father there,

The conversation never flagged so far as I'm  
aware;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Sometimes I 'd hold her worsted, sometimes  
    we 'd play at games,  
Sometimes dissect the apples which we 'd  
    named each other's names.  
Oh how I loathed the shrill-toned clock that  
    told me when to go —  
'T was ten o'clock at half-past eight when  
    I was Mary's beau.

Now there was Luther Baker — because he 'd  
    come of age  
And thought himself some pumpkins be-  
    cause he drove the stage —  
He fancied he could cut me out; but Mary  
    was my friend —  
Elsewise I 'm sure the issue had had a tragic  
    end.  
For Luther Baker was a man I never could  
    abide,  
And, when it came to Mary, either he or I  
    had died.  
I merely cite this instance incidentally to  
    show  
That I was quite in earnest when I was  
    Mary's beau.



## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

How often now those sights, those pleasant  
sights, recur again:  
The little township that was all the world  
I knew of then —  
The meeting-house upon the hill, the tavern  
just beyond,  
Old deacon Packard's general store, the saw-  
mill by the pond,  
The village elms I vainly sought to conquer  
in my quest  
Of that surpassing trophy, the golden oriole's  
nest.  
And, last of all those visions that come back  
from long ago,  
The pretty face that thrilled my soul when I  
was Mary's beau.

Hush, gentle wife, there is no need a pang  
should vex your heart —  
'T is many years since fate ordained that she  
and I should part;  
To each a true, maturer love came in good  
time, and yet  
It brought not with its nobler grace the  
power to forget.

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And would you fain begrudge me now the  
sentimental joy  
That comes of recollections of my sparkings  
when a boy ?  
I warrant me that, were your heart put to  
the rack, 't would show  
That it had predilections when I was Mary's  
beau.

And, Mary, should these lines of mine seek  
out your biding place,  
God grant they bring the old sweet smile  
back to your pretty face —  
God grant they bring you thoughts of me,  
not as I am to-day,  
With faltering step and brimming eyes and  
aspect grimly gray;  
But thoughts that picture me as fair and full  
of life and glee  
As *we* were in the olden times — as *you*  
shall always be.  
Think of me ever, Mary, as the boy you used  
to know  
When time was fleet, and life was sweet,  
and I was Mary's beau.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Dear hills of old New England, look down  
with tender eyes  
Upon one little lonely grave that in your  
bosom lies;  
For in that cradle sleeps a child who was so  
fair to see  
God yearned to have unto Himself the joy  
she brought to me;  
And bid your winds sing soft and low the  
song of other days,  
When, hand in hand and heart to heart, we  
went our pleasant ways —  
Ah me! but could I sing again that song of  
long ago,  
Instead of this poor idle song of being Mary's  
beau.

## JESSIE

WHEN I remark her golden hair  
Swoon on her glorious shoulders,  
I marvel not that sight so rare  
Doth ravish all beholders;  
For summon hence all pretty girls  
Renowned for beauteous tresses,  
And you shall find among their curls  
There 's none so fair as Jessie's.

And Jessie's eyes are, oh, so blue  
And full of sweet revealings —  
They seem to look you through and through  
And read your inmost feelings;  
Nor black emits such ardent fires,  
Nor brown such truth expresses —  
Admit it, all ye gallant squires —  
There are no eyes like Jessie's.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Her voice (like liquid beams that roll  
From moonland to the river)  
Steals subtly to the raptured soul,  
Therein to lie and quiver;  
Or falls upon the grateful ear  
With chaste and warm caresses —  
Ah, all concede the truth (who hear):  
There 's no such voice as Jessie's.

Of other charms she hath such store  
All rivalry excelling,  
Though I used adjectives galore,  
They 'd fail me in the telling;  
But now discretion stays my hand —  
Adieu, eyes, voice, and tresses.  
Of all the husbands in the land  
There 's none so fierce as Jessie's.

TO EMMA ABBOTT

THERE — let thy hands be folded  
Awhile in sleep's repose;  
The patient hands that wearied not,  
But earnestly and nobly wrought  
In charity and faith;  
And let thy dear eyes close —  
The eyes that looked alway to God,  
Nor quailed beneath the chastening rod  
Of sorrow;  
Fold thou thy hands and eyes  
For just a little while,  
And with a smile  
Dream of the morrow.

And, O white voiceless flower,  
The dream which thou shalt dream  
Should be a glimpse of heavenly things,  
For yonder like a seraph sings  
The sweetness of a life  
With faith alway its theme;

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

While speedeth from those realms above  
The messenger of that dear love  
    That healeth sorrow.  
So sleep a little while,  
    For thou shalt wake and sing  
    Before thy King  
    When cometh the morrow.

## THE GREAT JOURNALIST IN SPAIN

GOOD editor Dana — God bless him, we  
say —

Will soon be afloat on the main,  
Will be steaming away  
Through the mist and the spray  
To the sensuous climate of Spain.

Strange sights shall he see in that beautiful  
land

Which is famed for its soap and its Moor,  
For, as we understand,  
The scenery is grand  
Though the system of railways is poor.

For moonlight of silver and sunlight of gold  
Glint the orchards of lemons and mangoes,  
And the ladies, we 're told,  
Are a joy to behold  
As they twine in their lissome fandangoes.



## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

What though our friend Dana shall twang a  
guitar

And murmur a passionate strain;

Oh, fairer by far

Than those ravishments are

The castles abounding in Spain.

These castles are built as the builder may  
list —

They are sometimes of marble or stone,

But they mostly consist

Of east wind and mist

With an ivy of froth overgrown.

A beautiful castle our Dana shall raise

On a futile foundation of hope,

And its glories shall blaze

In the somnolent haze

Of the mythical lake del y Soap.

The fragrance of sunflowers shall swoon on  
the air

And the visions of Dreamland obtain,

And the song of "World's Fair"

Shall be heard everywhere

Through that beautiful castle in Spain.

## LOVE SONG — HEINE

MANY a beauteous flower doth spring  
From the tears that flood my eyes,  
And the nightingale doth sing  
In the burthen of my sighs.

If, O child, thou lovest me,  
Take these flowerets fair and frail,  
And my soul shall waft to thee  
Love songs of the nightingale.

## THE STODDARDS

WHEN I am in New York, I like to drop  
around at night,  
To visit with my honest, genial friends, the  
Stoddards hight;  
Their home in Fifteenth street is all so snug,  
and furnished so,  
That, when I once get planted there, I don't  
know when to go ;  
A cosy cheerful refuge for the weary home-  
sick guest,  
Combining Yankee comforts with the free-  
dom of the west.

The first thing you discover, as you maunder  
through the hall,  
Is a curious little clock upon a bracket on the  
wall;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

'T was made by Stoddard's father, and it's  
very, very old—

The connoisseurs assure me it is worth its  
weight in gold;

And I, who 've bought all kinds of clocks,  
'twixt Denver and the Rhine,

Cast envious eyes upon that clock, and wish  
that it were mine.

But in the parlor. Oh, the gems on tables,  
walls, and floor—

Rare first editions, etchings, and old crock-  
ery galore.

Why, talk about the Indies and the wealth  
of Orient things—

They could n't hold a candle to these quaint  
and sumptuous things;

In such profusion, too— Ah me! how dearly  
I recall

How I have sat and watched 'em and wished  
I had 'em all.

Now, Mr. Stoddard's study is on the second  
floor,

A wee blind dog barks at me as I enter  
through the door;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

The Cerberus would fain begrudge what  
sights it cannot see,  
The rapture of that visual feast it cannot  
share with me;  
A miniature edition this — this most absurd  
of hounds —  
A genuine unique, I'm sure, and one un-  
known to Lowndes.

Books — always books — are piled around;  
some musty, and all old;  
Tall, solemn folios such as Lamb declared  
he loved to hold;  
Large paper copies with their virgin margins  
white and wide,  
And presentation volumes with the author's  
comps. inside;  
I break the tenth commandment with a wild  
impassioned cry:  
Oh, how came Stoddard by these things?  
Why Stoddard, and not I?

From yonder wall looks Thackeray upon his  
poet friend,  
And underneath the genial face appear the  
lines he penned;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And here, gadzooks, ben honge ye prynte of  
marvailous renowne  
Yt shameth Chaucers gallaunt knyghtes in  
Canterbury towne;  
And still more books and pictures. I'm  
dazed, bewildered, vexed;  
Since I've broke the tenth commandment,  
why not break the eighth one next?

And, furthermore, in confidence inviolate  
be it said  
Friend Stoddard owns a lock of hair that  
grew on Milton's head;  
Now I have Gladstone axes and a lot of curious things,  
Such as pimply Dresden teacups and old  
German wedding-rings;  
But nothing like that saintly lock have I on  
wall or shelf,  
And, being somewhat short of hair, I should  
like that lock myself.

But Stoddard has a soothing way, as though  
he grieved to see  
Invidious torments prey upon a nice young  
chap like me.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

He waves me to an easy chair and hands me  
out a weed  
And pumps me full of that advice he seems  
to know I need;  
So sweet the tap of his philosophy and  
knowledge flows  
That I can't help wishing that I knew a half  
what Stoddard knows.

And so we sit for hours and hours, praising  
without restraint  
The people who are thoroughbreds, and  
roasting the ones that ain't;  
Happy, thrice happy, is the man we happen  
to admire,  
But wretched, oh, how wretched he that  
hath provoked our ire;  
For I speak emphatic English when I once  
get fairly r'iled,  
And Stoddard's wrath 's an Ossa upon a  
Pelion piled.

Out yonder, in the alcove, a lady sits and  
darns,  
And interjects remarks that always serve to  
spice our yarns;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

She's Mrs. Stoddard; there's a dame that's  
truly to my heart:

A tiny little woman, but so quaint, and good,  
and smart

That, if you asked me to suggest which one  
I should prefer

Of all the Stoddard treasures, I should  
promptly mention her.

O dear old man, how I should like to be with  
you this night,

Down in your home in Fifteenth street,  
where all is snug and bright;

Where the shaggy little Cerberus dreams in  
its cushioned place,

And the books and pictures all around smile  
in their old friend's face;

Where the dainty little sweetheart, whom  
you still were proud to woo,

Charms back the tender memories so dear  
to her and you.



## THE THREE TAILORS

I SHALL tell you in rhyme how, once on  
a time,  
Three tailors tramped up to the inn Ingle-  
heim,  
On the Rhine, lovely Rhine;  
They were broke, but the worst of it all,  
they were curst  
With that malady common to tailors—a  
thirst  
For wine, lots of wine.

“Sweet host,” quoth the three, “we ’re  
hard up as can be,  
Yet skilled in the practice of cunning are we,  
On the Rhine, genial Rhine;  
And we pledge you we will impart you that  
skill  
Right quickly and fully, providing you ’ll fill  
Us with wine, cooling wine.”

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

But that host shook his head, and he warily  
said :

“Though cunning be good, we take money  
instead,

On the Rhine, thrifty Rhine;  
If ye fancy ye may without pelf have your  
way

You ’ll find that there ’s both host and the  
devil to pay

For your wine, costly wine.”

Then the first knavish wight took his needle  
so bright

And threaded its eye with a wee ray of light  
From the Rhine, sunny Rhine;

And, in such a deft way, patched a mirror  
that day

That where it was mended no expert could  
say—

Done so fine ’t was for wine.

The second thereat spied a poor little gnat  
Go toiling along on his nose broad and flat

Towards the Rhine, pleasant Rhine;  
“Aha, tiny friend, I should hate to offend,

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

But your stockings need darning" —which  
same did he mend,  
All for wine, soothing wine.

And next there occurred what you 'll deem  
quite absurd —  
His needle a space in the wall thrust the third,  
By the Rhine, wondrous Rhine;  
And then all so spry, he leapt through the eye  
Of that thin cambric needle — nay, think you  
I 'd lie  
About wine — not for wine.

The landlord allowed (with a smile) he was  
proud  
To do the fair thing by that talented crowd  
On the Rhine, generous Rhine.  
So a thimble filled he as full as could be —  
"Drink long and drink hearty, my jolly  
friends three,  
Of my wine, filling wine."

## THE JAFFA AND JERUSALEM RAILWAY

A TORTUOUS double iron track; a station here, a station there;  
A locomotive, tender, tanks; a coach with stiff reclining chair;  
Some postal cars, and baggage, too; a vestibule of patent make;  
With buffers, duffers, switches, and the soughing automatic brake —  
This is the Orient's novel pride, and Syria's gaudiest modern gem:  
The railway scheme that is to ply 'twixt Jaffa and Jerusalem.

Beware, O sacred Mooley cow, the engine when you hear its bell;  
Beware, O camel, when resounds the whistle's shrill, unholy swell;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And, native of that guileless land, unused to  
modern travel's snare,  
Beware the fiend that peddles books — the  
awful peanut-boy beware.  
Else, trusting in their specious arts, you may  
have reason to condemn  
The traffic which the knavish ply 'twixt  
Jaffa and Jerusalem.

And when, ah, when the bonds fall due,  
how passing wroth will wax the state  
From Nebo's mount to Nazareth will spread  
the cry "Repudiate"!  
From Hebron to Tiberius, from Jordan's  
banks unto the sea,  
Will rise profuse anathemas against  
"that —— monopoly!"  
And F. M. B. A. shepherd-folk, with Sock-  
less Jerry leading them,  
Will swamp that corporation line 'twixt  
Jaffa and Jerusalem.

## HUGO'S "POOL IN THE FOREST"

HOW calm, how beauteous and how  
cool—

How like a sister to the skies,  
Appears the broad, transparent pool  
That in this quiet forest lies.  
The sunshine ripples on its face,  
And from the world around, above,  
It hath caught down the nameless grace  
Of such reflections as we love.

But deep below its surface crawl  
The reptile horrors of the night —  
The dragons, lizards, serpents — all  
The hideous brood that hate the light;  
Through poison fern and slimy weed  
And under ragged, jagged stones  
They scuttle, or, in ghoulish greed,  
They lap a dead man's bleaching bones.

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And as, O pool, thou dost cajole  
    With seemings that beguile us well,  
So doeth many a human soul  
    That teemeth with the lusts of hell.

## A RHINE-LAND DRINKING SONG

**I**F our own life is the life of a flower  
(And that 's what some sages are think-  
ing),  
We should moisten the bud with a health-  
giving flood  
    And 't will bloom all the sweeter —  
    Yes, life 's the completer  
For drinking,  
        and drinking,  
                and drinking.

If it be that our life is a journey  
    (As many wise folk are opining),  
We should sprinkle the way with the rain  
    while we may;  
    Though dusty and dreary,  
    'T is made cool and cheery  
With wining,  
        and wining,  
                and wining.



SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

If this life that we live be a dreaming  
    (As pessimist people are thinking),  
To induce pleasant dreams there is nothing,  
    meseems,  
    Like this sweet prescription,  
    That baffles description —  
This drinking,  
        and drinking,  
                and drinking.

## DER MANN IM KELLER

HOW cool and fair this cellar where  
My throne a dusky cask is;  
To do no thing but just to sing  
And drown the time my task is.  
The cooper he 's  
Resolved to please,  
And, answering to my winking,  
He fills me up  
Cup after cup  
For drinking, drinking, drinking.

Begrudge me not  
This cosy spot  
In which I am reclining —  
Why, who would burst  
With envious thirst,  
When he can live by wining.  
A roseate hue seems to imbue  
The world on which I 'm blinking;  
My fellow-men — I love them when  
I 'm drinking, drinking, drinking.

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And yet I think, the more I drink,  
    It 's more and more I pine for —  
Oh, such as I (forever dry)  
    God made this land of Rhine for;  
    And there is bliss  
    In knowing this,  
As to the floor I 'm sinking:  
    I 've wronged no man  
    And never can  
While drinking, drinking, drinking.

## TWO IDYLLS FROM BION THE SMYRNEAN

### I

ONCE a fowler, young and artless,  
To the quiet greenwood came;  
Full of skill was he and heartless  
In pursuit of feathered game.  
And betimes he chanced to see  
Eros perching in a tree.

“What strange bird is that, I wonder?”  
Thought the youth, and spread his snare;  
Eros, chuckling at the blunder,  
Gayly scampered here and there.  
Do his best, the simple clod  
Could not snare the agile god!

Blubbering, to his aged master  
Went the fowler in dismay,  
And confided his disaster  
With that curious bird that day;

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

“Master, hast thou ever heard  
Of so ill-disposed a bird?”

“Heard of him? Aha, most truly!”  
Quoth the master with a smile;  
“And thou too, shall know him duly—  
Thou art young, but bide awhile,  
And old Eros will not fly  
From thy presence by and by!

“For when thou art somewhat older  
That same Eros thou didst see,  
More familiar grown and bolder,  
Shall become acquaint with thee;  
And when Eros comes thy way  
Mark my word, he comes to stay!”

II

Once came Venus to me, bringing  
Eros where my cattle fed—  
“Teach this little boy your singing,  
Gentle herdsman,” Venus said.  
I was young—I did not know  
Whom it was that Venus led—  
That was many years ago!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

In a lusty voice but mellow —  
    Callow pedant! I began  
To instruct the little fellow  
    In the mysteries known to man;  
Sung the noble cithern's praise,  
    And the flute of dear old Pan,  
And the lyre that Hermes plays.

But he paid no heed unto me —  
    Nay, that graceless little boy  
Coolly plotted to undo me —  
    With his songs of tender joy;  
And my pedantry o'erthrown,  
    Eager was I to employ  
His sweet ritual for mine own!

Ah, these years of ours are fleeting!  
    Yet I have not vainly wrought,  
Since to-day I am repeating  
    What dear lessons Eros taught;  
Love, and always love, and then —  
    Counting all things else for naught —  
Love and always love again!

## THE WOOING OF THE SOUTHLAND

(ALASKAN BALLAD)

THE Northland reared his hoary head  
And spied the Southland leagues  
away —

“Fairest of all fair brides,” he said,  
“Be thou my bride, I pray!”

Whereat the Southland laughed and cried:  
“I ’ll bide beside my native sea,  
And I shall never be thy bride  
Till thou com’st wooing me!”

The Northland’s heart was a heart of ice,  
A diamond glacier, mountain high —  
Oh, love is sweet at any price,  
As well know you and I!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

So gayly the Northland took his heart  
And cast it in the wailing sea —  
“Go, thou, with all thy cunning art,  
And woo my bride for me!”

For many a night and for many a day,  
And over the leagues that rolled between,  
The true-heart messenger sped away  
To woo the Southland queen.

But the sea wailed loud, and the sea wailed  
long,  
While ever the Northland cried in glee:  
“Oh, thou shalt sing us our bridal song,  
When comes my bride, O sea!”

At the foot of the Southland's golden throne  
The heart of the Northland ever throbs —  
For that true-heart speaks in the waves that  
moan,  
The songs that it sings are sobs.

Ever the Southland spurns the cries  
Of the messenger pleading the Northland's  
part;  
The summer shines in the Southland's eyes —  
The winter bides in her heart!



SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And ever unto that far-off place  
Which love doth render a hallowed spot,  
The Northland turneth his honest face  
And wonders she cometh not.

The sea wails loud, and the sea wails long,  
As the ages of waiting drift slowly by.  
But the sea shall sing no bridal song —  
As well know you and I!

## HYMN

(FROM THE GERMAN OF MARTIN LUTHER)

O HEART of mine! lift up thine eyes  
And see who in yon manger lies!  
Of perfect form, of face divine—  
It is the Christ-child, heart of mine!

O dearest, holiest Christ-child, spread  
Within this heart of mine thy bed;  
Then shall my breast forever be  
A chamber consecrate to thee!

Beat high to-day, O heart of mine,  
And tell, O lips, what joys are thine;  
For with your help shall I prolong  
Old Bethlehem's sweetest cradle-song.

Glory to God, whom this dear Child  
Hath by His coming reconciled,  
And whose redeeming love again  
Brings peace on earth, good will to men!

## STAR OF THE EAST

STAR of the East, that long ago  
Brought wise men on their way  
Where, angels singing to and fro,  
The Child of Bethlehem lay —  
Above that Syrian hill afar  
Thou shinest out to-night, O Star!

Star of the East, the night were drear  
But for the tender grace  
That with thy glory comes to cheer  
Earth's loneliest, darkest place;  
For by that charity we see  
Where there is hope for all and me.

Star of the East! show us the way  
In wisdom undefiled  
To seek that manger out and lay  
Our gifts before the child —  
To bring our hearts and offer them  
Unto our King in Bethlehem!

## TWIN IDOLS

THERE are two phrases, you must know,  
So potent (yet so small)  
That wheresoe'er a man may go  
He needs none else at all;  
No servile guide to lead the way  
Nor lackey at his heel,  
If he be learned enough to say  
"Comme bien" and "Wie viel."

The sleek, pomaded Parleyvoo  
Will air his sweetest airs  
And quote the highest rates when you  
"Comme bien" for his wares;  
And, though the German stolid be,  
His so-called heart of steel  
Becomes as soft as wax when he  
Detects the words "Wie viel."

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Go, search the boulevards and rues  
From Havre to Marseilles—  
You 'll find all eloquence you use  
Except "Comme bien" fails;  
Or in the country auf der Rhine  
Essay a business deal  
And all your art is good fuhr nein  
Beyond the point—"Wie viel."

It matters not what game or prey  
Attracts your greedy eyes—  
You must pursue the good old way  
If you would win the prize;  
It is to get a titled mate  
All run down at the heel,  
If you inquire of stock effete,  
"Comme bien" or "Wie viel."

So he is wise who envieth not  
A wealth of foreign speech,  
Since with two phrases may be got  
Whatever 's in his reach;  
For Europe is a soulless shrine  
In which all classes kneel  
Before twin idols, deemed divine—  
"Comme bien" and "Wie viel."

## TWO VALENTINES

### I. — TO MISTRESS BARBARA

THERE were three cavaliers, all handsome and true,  
On Valentine's day came a maiden to woo,  
And quoth to your mother: "Good-morrow, my dear,  
We came with some songs for your daughter to hear!"

Your mother replied: "I 'll be pleased to convey  
To my daughter what things you may sing  
or may say!"

Then the first cavalier sung: "My pretty red  
rose,  
I 'll love you and court you some day, I suppose!"

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And the next cavalier sung, with make-believe tears:

“I ’ve loved you! I ’ve loved you these many long years!”

But the third cavalier (with the brown, bushy head

And the pretty blue jacket and necktie of red)

He drew himself up with a resolute air,  
And he warbled: “O maiden, surpassingly fair!

I ’ve loved you long years, and I love you to-day,

And, if you will let me, I ’ll love you for aye!”

I (the third cavalier) sang this ditty to you,  
In my necktie of red and my jacket of blue;  
I ’m sure you ’ll prefer the song that was mine

And smile your approval on your valentine.

## II.—TO A BABY BOY

Who I am I shall not say,  
But I send you this bouquet

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

With this query, baby mine:  
“ Will you be my valentine ? ”

See these roses blushing blue,  
Very like your eyes of hue;  
While these violets are the red  
Of your cheeks. It can be said  
Ne'er before was babe like you.

And I think it is quite true  
No one e'er before to-day  
Sent so wondrous a bouquet  
As these posies aforesaid —  
Roses blue and violets red!

Sweet, repay me sweets for sweets —  
'T is your lover who entreats!  
Smile upon me, baby mine —  
Be my little valentine!



## MOTHER AND SPHINX

(EGYPTIAN FOLK-SONG)

G RIM is the face that looks into the night  
Over the stretch of sands;  
A sullen rock in a sea of white —  
A ghostly shadow in ghostly light,  
Peering and moaning it stands.  
*“ Oh, is it the king that rides this way —  
Oh, is it the king that rides so free?  
I have looked for the king this many a day,  
But the years that mock me will not say  
Why tarrieth he! ”*

'T is not your king that shall ride to-night,  
But a child that is fast asleep;  
And the horse he shall ride is the Dream-  
horse white —  
Aha, he shall speed through the ghostly  
light  
Where the ghostly shadows creep!

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

*“ My eyes are dull and my face is sere,  
Yet unto the word he gave I cling,  
For he was a Pharaoh that set me here —  
And, lo! I have waited this many a year  
For him — my king! ”*

Oh, past thy face my darling shall ride  
Swift as the burning winds that bear  
The sand clouds over the desert wide —  
Swift to the verdure and palms beside  
The wells off there!

*“ And is it the mighty king I shall see  
Come riding into the night?  
Oh, is it the king come back to me —  
Proudly and fiercely rideth he,  
With centuries dight! ”*

I know no king but my dark-eyed dear  
That shall ride the Dream-Horse white;  
But see! he wakes at my bosom here,  
While the Dream-Horse frettingly lingers near  
To speed with my babe to-night!  
*And out of the desert darkness peers  
A ghostly, ghastly, shadowy thing  
Like a spirit come out of the mouldering years,  
And ever that waiting spectre bears  
The coming king!*

## A SPRING POEM FROM BION

ONE asketh:  
“ Tell me, Myrson, tell me true:  
What 's the season pleaseth you?  
Is it summer suits you best,  
When from harvest toil we rest?  
Is it autumn with its glory  
Of all surfeited desires?  
Is it winter, when with story  
And with song we hug our fires?  
Or is spring most fair to you —  
Come, good Myrson, tell me true! ”

Another answereth:  
“ What the gods in wisdom send  
We should question not, my friend;  
Yet, since you entreat of me,  
I will answer reverently:

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Me the summertime displeases,  
For its sun is scorching hot;  
Autumn brings such dire diseases  
That perforce I like it not;  
As for biting winter, oh!  
How I hate its ice and snow!

“ But, thrice welcome, kindly spring,  
With the myriad gifts you bring!  
Not too hot nor yet too cold,  
Graciously your charms unfold —  
Oh, your days are like the dreaming  
Of those nights which love beseems,  
And your nights have all the seeming  
Of those days of golden dreams!  
Heaven smiles down on earth, and then  
Earth smiles up to heaven again! ”

BÉRANGER'S "TO MY OLD COAT."

STILL serve me in my age, I pray,  
As in my youth, O faithful one;  
For years I 've brushed thee every day —  
    Could Socrates have better done?  
What though the fates would wreak on thee  
    The fulness of their evil art?  
Use thou philosophy, like me —  
    And we, old friend, shall never part!

I think — I *often* think of it —  
    The day we twain first faced the crowd;  
My roistering friends impeached your fit,  
    But you and I were very proud!  
Those jovial friends no more make free  
    With us (no longer new and smart),  
But rather welcome you and me  
    As loving friends that should not part.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

The patch? Oh, yes — one happy night —  
“Lisette,” says I, “it ’s time to go” —  
She clutched this sleeve to stay my flight,  
Shrieking: “What! leave so early? No!”  
To mend the ghastly rent she ’d made,  
Three days she toiled, dear patient heart!  
And I — right willingly I staid —  
Lisette decreed we should not part!

No incense ever yet profaned  
This honest, shiny warp of thine,  
Nor hath a courtier’s eye disdained  
Thy faded hue and quaint design;  
Let servile flattery be the price  
Of ribbons in the royal mart —  
A roadside posie shall suffice  
For us two friends that must not part!

Fear not the recklessness of yore  
Shall re-occur to vex thee now;  
Alas, I am a youth no more —  
I ’m old and sere, and so art thou!  
So bide with me unto the last  
And with thy warmth caress this heart  
That pleads, by memories of the Past,  
That two such friends should never part!

## BEN APFELGARTEN

THERE was a certain gentleman, Ben  
Apfelgarten called,  
Who lived way off in Germany a many  
years ago,  
And he was very fortunate in being very  
bald  
And so was very happy he was so.  
He warbled all the day  
Such songs as only they  
Who are very, very circumspect and very  
happy may;  
The people wondered why,  
As the years went gliding by,  
They never heard him once complain or even  
heave a sigh!

The women of the province fell in love with  
genial Ben,  
Till (may be you can fancy it) the dickens  
was to pay

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Among the callow students and the sober-  
minded men —

With the women-folk a-cuttin' up that  
way!

Why, they gave him turbans red  
To adorn his hairless head,  
And knitted jaunty nightcaps to protect him  
when abed!

In vain the rest demurred —  
Not a single chiding word  
Those ladies deigned to tolerate — remon-  
strance was absurd!

Things finally got into such a very dreadful  
way

That the others (oh, how artful) formed  
the politic design  
To send him to the reichstag; so, one dull  
November day,  
They elected him a member from the  
Rhine!

Then the other members said:  
“Gott im Himmel! what a head!”  
But they marvelled when his speeches they  
listened to or read;



SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And presently they cried:

“There must be heaps inside  
Of the smooth and shiny cranium his constituents deride!”

Well, when at last he up 'nd died — long  
past his ninetieth year —

The strangest and the most lugubrious  
funeral he had,

For women came in multitudes to weep  
upon his bier —

The men all wond'ring why on earth the  
women had gone mad!

And this wonderment increased

Till the sympathetic priest

Inquired of those same ladies: “Why this  
fuss about deceased?”

Whereupon were they appalled,

For, as one, those women squalled:

“We doted on deceased for being bald —  
bald — bald!”

He was bald because his genius burnt that  
shock of hair away

Which, otherwise, clogs one's keenness and  
activity of mind;

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And (barring present company, of course)

I 'm free to say

That, after all, it 's intellect that captures  
womankind.

At any rate, since then

(With a precedent in Ben),

The women-folk have been in love with us  
bald-headed men!

## A HEINE LOVE SONG

THE image of the moon at night  
All trembling in the ocean lies,  
But she, with calm and steadfast light,  
Moves proudly through the radiant skies.

How like the tranquil moon thou art —  
Thou fairest flower of womankind!  
And, loôk, within my fluttering heart  
Thy image trembling is enshrined!

## UHLAND'S "CHAPEL"

YONDER stands the hillside chapel  
Mid the evergreens and rocks,  
All day long it hears the song  
Of the shepherd to his flocks.

Then the chapel bell goes tolling —  
Knelling for a soul that 's sped;  
Silent and sad the shepherd lad  
Hears the requiem for the dead.

Shepherd, singers of the valley,  
Voiceless now, speed on before;  
Soon shall knell that chapel bell  
For the songs you 'll sing no more.

## THE DREAMS

TWO dreams came down to earth one  
night

From the realm of mist and dew;  
One was a dream of the old, old days,  
And one was a dream of the new.

One was a dream of a shady lane  
That led to the pickerel pond  
Where the willows and rushes bowed them-  
selves  
To the brown old hills beyond.

And the people that peopled the old-time  
dream  
Were pleasant and fair to see,  
And the dreamer he walked with them again  
As often of old walked he.

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Oh, cool was the wind in the shady lane  
That tangled his curly hair!  
Oh, sweet was the music the robins made  
To the springtime everywhere!

Was it the dew the dream had brought  
From yonder midnight skies,  
Or was it tears from the dear, dead years  
That lay in the dreamer's eyes?

The *other* dream ran fast and free,  
As the moon benignly shed  
Her golden grace on the smiling face  
In the little trundle-bed.

For 't was a dream of times to come —  
Of the glorious noon of day —  
Of the summer that follows the careless  
spring  
When the child is done with play.

And 't was a dream of the busy world  
Where valorous deeds are done;  
Of battles fought in the cause of right,  
And of victories nobly won.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

It breathed no breath of the dear old home  
And the quiet joys of youth;  
It gave no glimpse of the good old friends  
Or the old-time faith and truth.

But 't was a dream of youthful hopes,  
And fast and free it ran,  
And it told to a little sleeping child  
Of a boy become a man!

These were the dreams that came one night  
To earth from yonder sky;  
These were the dreams two dreamers  
dreamed —  
My little boy and I.

And in our hearts my boy and I  
Were glad that it was so;  
*He* loved to dream of days to come,  
And *I* of long ago.

So from our dreams my boy and I  
Unwillingly awoke,  
But neither of his precious dream  
Unto the other spoke.

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Yet of the love we bore those dreams  
Gave each his tender sign;  
For there was triumph in *his* eyes —  
And there were tears in *mine* !



## IN NEW ORLEANS

'T WAS in the Crescent City not long ago  
befell  
The tear-compelling incident I now propose  
to tell;  
So come, my sweet collector friends, and  
listen while I sing  
Unto your delectation this brief, pathetic  
thing—  
No lyric pitched in vaunting key, but just a  
requiem  
Of blowing twenty dollars in by nine o'clock  
a. m.

Let critic folk the poet's use of vulgar slang  
upbraid,  
But, when I 'm speaking by the card, I call  
a spade a spade;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And I, who have been touched of that same  
mania, myself,  
Am well aware that, when it comes to part-  
ing with his pelf,  
The curio collector is so blindly lost in sin  
That he does n't spend his money — he sim-  
ply blows it in!

In Royal street (near Conti) there 's a lovely  
curio-shop,  
And there, one balmy, fateful morn, it was  
my chance to stop;  
To stop was hesitation — in a moment I was  
lost—  
*That* kind of hesitation does not hesitate at  
cost!  
I spied a pewter tankard there, and, my! it  
was a gem —  
And the clock in old St. Louis told the hour  
of eight a. m.!

Three quaint Bohemian bottles, too, of yel-  
low and of green,  
Cut in archaic fashion that I ne'er before had  
seen;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

A lovely, hideous platter wreathed about  
with pink and rose,  
With its curious depression into which the  
gravy flows;  
Two dainty silver salts—oh, there was no  
resisting *them* —  
And I'd blown in twenty dollars by nine  
o'clock a. m.

With twenty dollars, one who is a prudent  
man, indeed,  
Can buy the wealth of useful things his wife  
and children need;  
Shoes, stockings, knickerbockers, gloves,  
bibs, nursing-bottles, caps,  
A gown—the gown for which his spouse  
too long has pined, perhaps!  
These and ten thousand other spectres har-  
row and condemn  
The man who's blown in twenty by nine  
o'clock a. m.

Oh, mean advantage conscience takes (and  
one that I abhor!)

In asking one this question: "What *did* you  
buy it for?"

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Why does n't conscience ply its blessed  
trade *before* the act,  
*Before* one's cussedness becomes a bald, ac-  
complished fact —  
*Before* one's fallen victim to the Tempter's  
stratagem  
And blown in twenty dollars by nine o'clock  
a. m.?

Ah me! now that the deed is done, how  
penitent I am!  
I *was* a roaring lion — behold a bleating  
lamb!  
I 've packed and shipped those precious  
things to that more precious wife  
Who shares with our sweet babes the  
strange vicissitudes of life,  
While he who, in his folly, gave up his store  
of wealth  
Is far away, and means to keep his distance  
— for his health!

## MY PLAYMATES

THE wind comes whispering to me of  
the country green and cool—  
Of redwing blackbirds chattering beside a  
reedy pool;  
It brings me soothing fancies of the home-  
stead on the hill,  
And I hear the thrush's evening song and  
the robin's morning trill;  
So I fall to thinking tenderly of those I used  
to know  
Where the sassafras and snakeroot and  
checkerberries grow.

What has become of Ezra Marsh, who lived  
on Baker's hill?  
And what 's become of Noble Pratt, whose  
father kept the mill?

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And what 's become of Lizzie Crum and  
Anastasia Snell,  
And of Roxie Root, who 'tended school in  
Boston for a spell?  
They were the boys and they the girls who  
shared my youthful play —  
They do not answer to my call! My play-  
mates — where are they?

What has become of Levi and his little  
brother Joe,  
Who lived next door to where we lived  
some forty years ago?  
I 'd like to see the Newton boys and Quincy  
Adams Brown,  
And Hepsy Hall and Ella Cowles, who spelled  
the whole school down!  
And Gracie Smith, the Cutler boys, Leander  
Snow, and all  
Who I am sure would answer could they  
only hear my call!

I 'd like to see Bill Warner and the Conkey  
boys again  
And talk about the times we used to wish  
that we were men!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And one—I shall not name her—could I  
    see her gentle face  
And hear her girlish treble in this distant,  
    lonely place!  
The flowers and hopes of springtime—they  
    perished long ago,  
And the garden where they blossomed is  
    white with winter snow.

O cottage neath the maples, have you seen  
    those girls and boys  
That but a little while ago made, oh! such  
    pleasant noise?  
O trees, and hills, and brooks, and lanes, and  
    meadows, do you know  
Where I shall find my little friends of forty  
    years ago?  
You see I'm old and weary, and I've trav-  
    eled long and far;  
I am looking for my playmates—I wonder  
    where they are!

## STOVES AND SUNSHINE

**P**RATE, ye who will, of so-called charms  
you find across the sea —

The land of stoves and sunshine is good  
enough for me!

I've done the grand for fourteen months in  
every foreign clime,

And I've learned a heap of learning, but I've  
shivered all the time;

And the biggest bit of wisdom I've acquired  
— as I can see —

Is that which teaches that this land's the  
land of lands for me.

Now, I am of opinion that a person should  
get some

Warmth in this present life of ours, not all  
in that to come;



## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

So when Boreas blows his blast, through  
country and through town,  
Or when upon the muddy streets the stifling  
fog rolls down,  
Go, guzzle in a pub, or plod some bleak  
malarious grove,  
But let me toast my shrunken shanks beside  
some Yankee stove.

The British people say they "don't believe  
in stoves, y' know;"  
Perchance because we warmed 'em so com-  
pletely years ago!  
They talk of "drahfts" and "stuffiness" and  
"ill effects of heat,"  
As they chatter in their barny rooms or  
shiver 'round the street;  
With sunshine such a rarity, and stoves es-  
teemed a sin,  
What wonder they are wedded to their fads  
— catarrh and gin?

In Germany are stoves galore, and yet you  
seldom find  
A fire within the stoves, for German stoves  
are not that kind;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

The Germans say that fires make dirt, and  
dirt 's an odious thing,  
But the truth is that the pfennig is the average  
Teuton's king,  
And since the fire costs pfennigs, why, the  
thrifty soul denies  
Himself all heat except what comes with  
beer and exercise.

The Frenchman builds a fire of cones, the  
Irishman of peat;  
The frugal Dutchman buys a fire when he  
has need of heat —  
That is to say, he pays so much each day to  
one who brings  
The necessary living coals to warm his soup  
and things;  
In Italy and Spain they have no need to heat  
the house —  
'Neath balmy skies the native picks the  
mandolin and louse.

Now, we 've no mouldy catacombs, no feudal  
castles grim,  
No ruined monasteries, no abbeys ghostly  
dim;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Our ancient history is new, our future 's all  
    ahead,  
And we 've got a tariff bill that 's made all  
    Europe sick abed —  
But what is best, though short on tombs  
    and academic groves,  
We double discount Christendom on sun-  
    shine and on stoves.

Dear land of mine! I come to you from  
    months of chill and storm,  
Blessing the honest people whose hearts and  
    hearths are warm;  
A fairer, sweeter song than this I mean to  
    weave to you  
When I 've reached my lakeside 'dobe and  
    once get heated through;  
But, even then, the burthen of that fairer  
    song shall be  
That the land of stoves and sunshine is good  
    enough for me.

## A DRINKING SONG

COME, brothers, share the fellowship  
We celebrate to-night;  
There 's grace of song on every lip  
And every heart is light!  
But first, before our mentor chimes  
The hour of jubilee,  
Let 's drink a health to good old times,  
And good times yet to be!  
Clink, clink, clink!  
Merrily let us drink!  
There 's store of wealth  
And more of health  
In every glass, we think.  
Clink, clink, clink!  
To fellowship we drink!  
And from the bowl  
No genial soul  
In such an hour can shrink.

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And you, oh, friends from west and east  
And other foreign parts,  
Come share the rapture of our feast,  
The love of loyal hearts;  
And in the wassail that suspends  
All matters burthensome,  
We 'll drink a health to good old friends  
And good friends yet to come.  
Clink, clink, clink!  
To fellowship we drink!  
And from the bowl  
No genial soul  
In such an hour will shrink.  
Clink, clink, clink!  
Merrily let us drink!  
There 's fellowship  
In every sip  
Of friendship's brew, we think.

## THE LIMITATIONS OF YOUTH

I 'D like to be a cowboy an' ride a fiery  
hoss

Way out into the big an' boundless west;  
I 'd kill the bears an' catamounts an' wolves  
I come across,

An' I 'd pluck the bal' head eagle from his  
nest!

With my pistols at my side,  
I would roam the prarers wide,  
An' to scalp the savage Injun in his wigwam  
would I ride —

If I darst; but I darse n't!

I 'd like to go to Afriky an' hunt the lions  
there,

An' the biggest ollyfunts you ever saw!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

I would track the fierce gorilla to his equatorial lair,

An' beard the cannybull that eats folks raw!

I 'd chase the pizen snakes

An' the 'pottimus that makes

His nest down at the bottom of unfathomable lakes —

If I darst; but I darse n't!

I would I were a pirut to sail the ocean blue,  
With a big black flag aflyin' overhead;

I would scour the billowy main with my gallant pirut crew

An' dye the sea a gouty, gory red!

With my cutlass in my hand

On the quarterdeck I 'd stand

And to deeds of heroism I 'd incite my pirut band —

If I darst; but I darse n't!

And, if I darst, I 'd lick my pa for the times  
that he 's licked me!

I 'd lick my brother an' my teacher, too!

I 'd lick the fellers that call round on sister  
after tea,

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

An' I 'd keep on lickin' folks till I got  
through!

You bet! I 'd run away

From my lessons to my play,

An' I 'd shoo the hens, an' tease the cat, an'  
kiss the girls all day —

If I darst; but I darse n't!



## THE BOW-LEG BOY

WHO should come up the road one  
day

But the doctor-man in his two-wheel shay!  
And he whoaed his horse and he cried  
“Ahoy!

I have brought you folks a bow-leg boy!

Such a cute little boy!

Such a funny little boy!

Such a dear little bow-leg boy!”

He took out his box and he opened it wide,  
And there was the bow-leg boy inside!

And when they saw that cunning little mite,  
They cried in a chorus expressive of delight:

“What a cute little boy!

What a funny little boy!

What a dear little bow-leg boy!”

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Observing a strict geometrical law,  
They cut out his panties with a circular saw;  
Which gave such a stress to his oval stride  
That the people he met invariably cried:

“What a cute little boy!

What a funny little boy!

What a dear little bow-leg boy!”

They gave him a wheel and away he went  
Speeding along to his heart's content;  
And he sits so straight and he pedals so  
strong

That the folks all say as he bowls along:

“What a cute little boy!

What a funny little boy!

What a dear little bow-leg boy!”

With his eyes aflame and his cheeks aglow,  
He laughs “aha” and he laughs “oho”;  
And the world is filled and thrilled with the  
joy

Of that jolly little human, the bow-leg boy —

The cute little boy!

The funny little boy!

The dear little bow-leg boy!

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

If ever the doctor-man comes *my* way  
With his wonderful box in his two-wheel  
shay,  
I 'll ask for the treasure I 'd fain possess—  
Now, honest Injun! can't you guess?  
Why, a cute little boy—  
A funny little boy—  
A dear little bow-leg boy!

## THE STRAW PARLOR

WAY up at the top of a big stack of  
straw  
Was the cunningest parlor that ever you  
saw!  
And there could you lie when aweary of play  
And gossip or laze in the coziest way;  
No matter how careworn or sorry one's  
mood  
No worldly distraction presumed to intrude.  
As a refuge from onerous mundane ado  
I think I approve of straw parlors, don't  
you?

A swallow with jewels aflame on her breast  
On that straw parlor's ceiling had builded  
her nest;  
And she flew in and out all the happy day  
long,  
And twittered the soothingest lullaby song.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Now some might suppose that that beautiful bird  
Performed for her babies the music they  
heard;  
*I* reckon she twittered her répertoire through  
For the folk in the little straw parlor, don't  
you?

And down from a rafter a spider had hung  
Some swings upon which he incessantly  
swung.  
He cut up such didoes—such antics he  
played  
Way up in the air, and was never afraid!  
He never made use of his horrid old sting,  
But was just upon earth for the fun of the  
thing!  
I deeply regret to observe that so few  
Of these good-natured insects are met with,  
don't you?

And, down in the strawstack, a wee little  
mite  
Of a cricket went chirping by day and by  
night;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And further down, still, a cunning blue  
mouse  
In a snug little nook of that strawstack kept  
house!  
When the cricket went "chirp," Miss  
Mousie would squeak  
"Come in," and a blush would enkindle  
her cheek!  
She thought — silly girl! 't was a beau come  
to woo,  
But I guess it was only the cricket, don't  
you?

So the cricket, the mouse, and the motherly  
bird  
Made as soothingsome music as ever you  
heard;  
And, meanwhile, that spider by means of  
his swings  
Achieved most astounding gyrations and  
things!  
No wonder the little folk liked what they  
saw  
And loved what they heard in that parlor of  
straw!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

With the mercury up to 102  
In the shade, I opine they just sizzled, don't  
you?

But once there invaded that Eden of straw  
The evilest Feline that ever you saw!  
She pounced on that cricket with rare  
promptitude  
And she tucked him away where he 'd do  
the most good;  
And then, reaching down to the nethermost  
house,  
She deftly expiscated little Miss Mouse!  
And, as for the Swallow, she shrieked and  
withdrew—  
I rather admire her discretion, don't you?

Now listen: That evening a cyclone ob-  
tained,  
And the mortgage was all on that farm that  
remained!  
Barn, strawstack and spider—they all blew  
away,  
And nobody knows where they 're at to this  
day!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And, as for the little straw parlor, I fear  
It was wafted clean off this sublunary  
sphere!  
I really incline to a hearty "boo-hoo"  
When I think of this tragical ending, don't  
you?



## A PITEOUS PLAINT

I CANNOT eat my porridge,  
I weary of my play;  
No longer can I sleep at night,  
No longer romp by day!  
Though forty pounds was once my weight,  
I'm shy of thirty now;  
I pine, I wither and I fade  
Through love of Martha Clow.

As she rolled by this morning  
I heard the nurse girl say:  
"She weighs just twenty-seven pounds  
And she's one year old to-day."  
I threw a kiss that nestled  
In the curls upon her brow,  
But she never turned to thank me—  
That bouncing Martha Clow!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

She ought to know I love her,  
For I've told her that I do;  
And I've brought her nuts and apples,  
And sometimes candy, too!  
I'd drag her in my little cart  
If her mother would allow  
That delicate attention  
To her daughter, Martha Clow.

O Martha! pretty Martha!  
Will you always be so cold?  
Will you always be as cruel  
As you are at one-year-old?  
Must your two-year-old admirer  
Pine as hopelessly as now  
For a fond reciprocation  
Of his love for Martha Clow?

You smile on Bernard Rogers  
And on little Harry Knott;  
You play with them at peek-a-boo  
All in the Waller Lot!  
Wildly I gnash my new-cut teeth  
And beat my throbbing brow,  
When I behold the coquetry  
Of heartless Martha Clow!

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

I cannot eat my porridge,  
Nor for my play care I;  
Upon the floor and porch and lawn  
My toys neglected lie;  
But on the air of Halsted street  
I breathe this solemn vow:  
“Though *she* be *false*, I will be true  
To pretty Martha Clow!”

## THE DISCREET COLLECTOR

DOWN south there is a curio-shop  
Unknown to many men;  
Thereat do I intend to stop  
When I am south again;  
The narrow street through which to go —  
Aha! I know it well!  
And may be you would like to know —  
But no — I will not tell!

'T is there to find the loveliest plates  
(The bluest of the blue!)  
At such surprisingly low rates  
You 'd not believe it true!  
And there is one Napoleon vase  
Of dainty Sèvres to sell —  
I 'm sure you 'd like to know that place —  
But no — I will not tell!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Then, too, I know another shop  
Has old, old beds for sale,  
With lovely testers up on top  
Carved in ornate detail;  
And there are sideboards rich and rare,  
With fronts that proudly swell—  
Oh, there are bargains waiting there,  
But where I will not tell!

And hark ! I know a bottle-man  
Smiling and debonair,  
And he has promised me I can  
Choose of his precious ware!  
In age and shape and color, too,  
His dainty goods excel—  
Aha, my friends, if you but knew—  
But no! I will not tell!

A thousand other shops I know  
Where bargains can be got—  
Where other folk would like to go  
Who have what I have not.  
I let them hunt; I hold my mouth—  
Yes, though I know full well  
Where lie the treasures of the south,  
I'm not a going to tell!

## A VALENTINE

YOUR gran'ma, in her youth, was quite  
As blithe a little maid as you.  
And, though her hair is snowy white,  
Her eyes still have their maiden blue,  
And on her cheeks, as fair as thine,  
Methinks a girlish blush would glow  
If she recalled the valentine  
She got, ah! many years ago.

A valorous youth loved gran'ma then,  
And wooed her in that auld lang syne;  
And first he told his secret when  
He sent the maid that valentine.  
No perfumed page nor sheet of gold  
Was that first hint of love he sent,  
But with the secret gran'pa told —  
“I love you” — gran'ma was content.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Go, ask your gran'ma, if you will,  
If—though her head be bowed and gray—  
If—though her feeble pulse be chill—  
True love abideth not for aye;  
By that quaint portrait on the wall,  
That smiles upon her from above,  
Methinks your gran'ma can recall  
The sweet divinity of love.

Dear Elsie, here's no page of gold—  
No sheet embossed with cunning art—  
But here's a solemn pledge of old:  
“I love you, love, with all my heart.”  
And if in what I send you here  
You read not all of love expressed,  
Go—go to gran'ma, Elsie dear,  
And she will tell you all the rest!

## THE WIND

(THE TALE)

COMETH the Wind from the garden,  
fragrant and full of sweet singing—  
Under my tree where I sit cometh the Wind  
to confession.

“Out in the garden abides the Queen of the  
beautiful Roses—  
Her do I love and to-night wooed her with  
passionate singing;  
Told I my love in those songs, and answer  
she gave in her blushes—  
She shall be bride of the Wind, and she is  
the Queen of the Roses!”

“Wind, there is spice in thy breath; thy  
rapture hath fragrance Sabæan!”



## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

“Straight from my wooing I come — my lips  
are bedewed with her kisses —  
My lips and my song and my heart are  
drunk with the rapture of loving!”

### (THE SONG)

The Wind he loveth the red, red Rose,  
And he wooeth his love to wed:  
Sweet is his song  
The Summer long  
As he kisseth her lips so red;  
And he recketh naught of the ruin wrought  
When the Summer of love is sped!

### (AGAIN THE TALE)

Cometh the Wind from the garden, bitter  
with sorrow of winter.

“Wind, is thy love-song forgot? Where-  
fore thy dread lamentations?”

Sigheth and moaneth the Wind: “Out of  
the desolate garden  
Come I from vigils with ghosts over the  
grave of the Summer!”

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

“Thy breath that was fragrant anon with  
rapture of music and loving,  
It grieveth all things with its sting and the  
frost of its wailing displeasure.”

The Wind maketh ever more moan and  
ever it giveth this answer:

“My heart it is numb with the cold of the  
love that was born of the Summer —  
I come from the garden all white with the  
wrath and the sorrow of Winter;  
I have kissed the low, desolate tomb where  
my bride in her loveliness lieth  
And the voice of the ghost in my heart is the  
voice that forever outcrieth!”

### (AGAIN THE SONG)

The Wind he walleth the red, red Rose  
When the Summer of love is sped —  
He walleth above  
His lifeless love  
With her shroud of snow o’erspread —  
Crieth such things as a true heart brings  
To the grave of its precious dead.

## A PARAPHRASE

OUR Father who art in heaven, hallowed  
be Thy name;  
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on  
earth, in Heaven the same;  
Give us this day our daily bread, and may  
our debts to heaven —  
As we our earthly debts forgive — by Thee  
be all forgiven;  
When tempted or by evil vexed, restore  
Thou us again,  
And Thine be the Kingdom, the Power, and  
the Glory, forever and ever; amen.

## WITH BRUTUS IN ST. JO

OF all the opry-houses then obtaining in  
the West

The one which Milton Tootle owned was,  
by all odds, the best;

Milt, being rich, was much too proud to run  
the thing alone,

So he hired an "acting manager," a gruff  
old man named Krone —

A stern, commanding man with piercing  
eyes and flowing beard,

And his voice assumed a thunderous tone  
when Jack and I appeared;

He said that Julius Cæsar had been billed a  
week or so,

And would have to have some armies by the  
time he reached St. Jo!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

O happy days, when Tragedy still winged  
    an upward flight,  
When actors wore tin helmets and cambric  
    robes at night!  
O happy days, when sounded in the public's  
    rapturous ears  
The creak of pasteboard armor and the clash  
    of wooden spears!  
O happy times for Jack and me and that one  
    other supe  
That then and there did constitute the no-  
    blest Roman's troop!  
With togas, battle axes, shields, we made a  
    dazzling show,  
When we were Roman soldiers with Brutus  
    in St. Jo!

We wheeled and filed and double-quickened  
    wherever Brutus led,  
The folks applauding what we did as much  
    as what he said;  
'T was work, indeed; yet Jack and I were  
    willing to allow  
'T was easier following Brutus than follow-  
    ing father's plough;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And at each burst of cheering, our valor  
would increase —  
We tramped a thousand miles that night, at  
fifty cents apiece!  
For love of Art — not lust for gold — con-  
sumed us years ago,  
When we were Roman soldiers with Brutus  
in St. Jo!

To-day, while walking in the Square, Jack  
Langrish says to me:  
“ My friend, the drama nowadays ain’t what  
it used to be!  
These farces and these comedies — how  
feebly they compare  
With that mantle of the tragic art which  
Forrest used to wear!  
My soul is warped with bitterness to think  
that you and I —  
Co-heirs to immortality in seasons long  
gone by —  
Now draw a paltry stipend from a Boston  
comic show,  
We, who were Roman soldiers with Brutus  
in St. Jo!”

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And so we talked and so we mused upon  
the whims of Fate  
That had degraded Tragedy from its old,  
supreme estate;  
And duly, at the Morton bar, we stigmatized  
the age  
As sinfully subversive of the interests of the  
Stage!  
For Jack and I were actors in the halcyon,  
palmy days  
Long, long before the Hoyt school of farce  
became the craze;  
Yet, as I now recall it, it was twenty years  
ago  
That we were Roman soldiers with Brutus  
in St. Jo!

We were by birth descended from a race of  
farmer kings  
Who had done eternal battle with grasshop-  
pers and things;  
But the Kansas farms grew tedious—we  
pined for that delight  
We read of in the *Clipper* in the barber's  
shop by night!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

We would be actors — Jack and I — and so  
we stole away  
From our native spot, Wathena, one dull  
September day,  
And started for Missouri — ah, little did we  
know  
We were going to train as soldiers with  
Brutus in St. Jo!

Our army numbered three in all — Marc An-  
tony's was four;  
Our army hankered after fame, but Marc's  
was after gore!  
And when we reached Philippi, at the out-  
set we were met  
With an inartistic gusto I can never quite  
forget.  
For Antony's overwhelming force of thump-  
ers seemed to be  
Resolved to do "them Kansas jays" — and  
that meant Jack and me!  
My lips were sealed but that it seems quite  
proper you should know  
That Rome was nowhere in it at Philippi in  
St. Jo!



## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

I 've known the slow-consuming grief and  
ostentatious pain  
Accruing from McKean Buchanan's melan-  
choly Dane;  
Away out West I 've witnessed Bandmann's  
peerless hardihood,  
With Arthur Cambridge have I wrought  
where walking was not good;  
In every phase of horror have I bravely  
borne my part,  
And even on my uppers have I proudly  
stood for Art!  
And, after all my suffering, it were not hard  
to show  
That I got my allopathic dose with Brutus  
at St. Jo!

That army fell upon me in a most bewildering  
rage  
And scattered<sup>d</sup> me and mine upon that his-  
trionic stage;  
My toga rent, my helmet gone and smashed  
to smithereens,  
They picked me up and hove me through  
whole centuries of scenes!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

I sailed through Christian eras and mediæval  
gloom

And fell from Arden forest into Juliet's  
painted tomb!

Oh, yes, I travelled far and fast that night,  
and I can show

The scars of honest wounds I got with  
Brutus in St. Jo!

Ah me, old Davenport is gone, of fickle fame  
forgot,

And Barrett sleeps forever in a much neglected spot;

Fred Warde, the papers tell me, in far woolly  
western lands

Still flaunts the banner of high Tragic Art  
at one-night stands;

And Jack and I, in Charley Hoyt's Bostonian  
dramas wreak

Our vengeance on creation at some eensty  
dolls. per week.

By which you see that public taste has fallen  
mighty low

Since we fought as Roman soldiers with  
Brutus in St. Jo!

## THE TWO LITTLE SKEEZUCKS

THERE were two little skeezucks who  
lived in the isle  
Of Boo in a southern sea;  
They clambered and rollicked in heathenish  
style  
In the boughs of their cocoanut tree.  
They did n't fret much about clothing and  
such  
And they recked not a whit of the ills  
That sometimes accrue  
From having to do  
With tailor and laundry bills.

The two little skeezucks once heard of a  
Fair  
Far off from their native isle,  
And they asked of King Fan if they might n't  
go there  
To take in the sights for awhile.

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Now old King Fan  
Was a good-natured man  
(As good-natured monarchs go),  
And howbeit he swore that all Fairs were a  
bore,  
He had n't the heart to say "No."

So the two little skeezucks sailed off to the  
Fair  
In a great big gum canoe,  
And I fancy they had a good time there,  
For they tarried a year or two.  
And old King Fan at last began  
To reckon they 'd come to grief,  
When glory! one day  
They sailed into the bay  
To the tune of "Hail to the Chief!"

The two little skeezucks fell down on the  
sand,  
Embracing his majesty's toes,  
Till his majesty graciously bade them stand  
And salute him nose to nose.  
And then quoth he:  
"Divulge unto me

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

What happenings have hapt to you;  
And how did they dare to indulge in a Fair  
So far from the island of Boo?"

The two little skeezucks assured their king  
That what he surmised was true;  
That the Fair would have been a different  
thing

Had it only been held in Boo!  
"The folk over there in no wise compare  
With the folk of the southern seas;  
Why, they comb out their heads  
And they sleep in beds  
Instead of in caverns and trees!"

The two little skeezucks went on to say  
That children (so far as they knew)  
Had a much harder time in that land far away  
Than here in the island of Boo!  
They have to wear clo'es  
Which (as every one knows)  
Are irksome to primitive laddies,  
While, with forks and with spoons, they're  
denied the sweet boons  
That accrue from free use of one's pad-  
dies!

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

“And now that you’re speaking of things  
to eat,”

Interrupted the monarch of Boo,

“We beg to inquire if you happened to  
meet

With a nice missionary or two?”

“No, that we did not; in that curious spot  
Where were gathered the fruits of the  
earth,

Of that special kind

Which Your Nibs has in mind

There appeared a deplorable dearth!”

Then loud laughed that monarch in heath-  
enish mirth

And loud laughed his courtiers, too,

And they cried: “There is elsewhere no  
land upon earth

So good as our island of Boo!”

And the skeezucks, tho’ glad

Of the journey they ’d had,

Climbed up in their cocoanut trees,

Where they still may be seen with no shirts  
to keep clean

Or trousers that bag at the knees.

## PAN LIVETH

THEY told me once that Pan was dead,  
And so, in sooth, I thought him;  
For vainly where the streamlets led  
Through flowery meads I sought him —  
Nor in his dewy pasture bed  
Nor in the grove I caught him.  
*“ Tell me, ” ’t was so my clamor ran —*  
*“ Tell me, oh, where is Pan ? ”*

But, once, as on my pipe I played  
A requiem sad and tender,  
Lo, thither came a shepherd-maid —  
Full comely she and slender !  
I were indeed a churlish blade  
With wailings to offend ’er —  
*For, surely, wooing’s sweeter than*  
*A mourning over Pan!*

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

So, presently, whiles I did scan  
That shepherd-maiden pretty,  
And heard her accents, I began  
To pipe a cheerful ditty;  
And so, betimes, forgot old Pan  
Whose death had waked my pity;  
*So—so did Love undo the man  
Who sought and pined for Pan!*

He was *not* dead! I found him there—  
The Pan that I was after!  
Caught in that maiden's tangling hair,  
Drunk with her song and laughter!  
I doubt if there be elsewhere  
A merrier god or dafter—  
*Nay, nor a mortal kindlier than  
Is this same dear old Pan!*

Beside me, as my pipe I play,  
My shepherdess is lying,  
While here and there her lambkins stray  
As sunny hours go flying;  
They look like me—those lambs—they say,  
And that I'm not denying!  
*And for that sturdy, romping clan,  
All glory be to Pan!*



SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Pan is not dead, O sweetheart mine!  
It is to hear his voices  
In every note and every line  
Wherein the heart rejoices!  
He liveth in that sacred shrine  
That Love's first, holiest choice is!  
*So pipe, my pipe, while still you can,  
Sweet songs in praise of Pan!*

## DR. SAM

TO MISS GRACE KING

DOWN in the old French quarter,  
Just out of Rampart street,  
I wend my way  
At close of day  
Unto the quaint retreat  
Where lives the Voodoo Doctor  
By some esteemed a sham,  
Yet I 'll declare there 's none elsewhere  
So skilled as Doctor Sam  
*With the claws of a deviled crawfish,  
The juice of the prickly prune,  
And the quivering dew  
From a yarb that grew  
In the light of a midnight moon!*

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

I never should have known him  
But for the colored folk  
That here obtain  
And ne'er in vain  
That wizard's art invoke;  
For when the Eye that 's Evil  
Would him and his'n damn,  
The negro's grief gets quick relief  
Of Hoodoo-Doctor Sam.

*With the caul of an alligator,  
The plume of an unborn loon,  
And the poison wrung  
From a serpent's tongue  
By the light of a midnight moon!*

In all neurotic ailments  
I hear that he excels,  
And he insures  
Immediate cures  
Of weird, uncanny spells;  
The most unruly patient  
Gets docile as a lamb  
And is freed from ill by the potent skill  
Of Hoodoo-Doctor Sam;

*Feathers of strangled chickens,  
Moss from the dank lagoon,*

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

*And plasters wet  
With spider sweat  
In the light of a midnight moon!*

They say when nights are grewsome  
And hours are, oh! so late,  
Old Sam steals out  
And hunts about  
For charms that hoodoos hate!  
That from the moaning river  
And from the haunted glen  
He silently brings what eerie things  
Give peace to hoodooed men:—  
*The tongue of a piebald 'possum,  
The tooth of a senile 'coon,  
The buzzard's breath that smells of  
death,  
And the film that lies  
On a lizard's eyes  
In the light of a midnight moon!*

## WINFREDA

(A BALLAD IN THE ANGLO-SAXON TONGUE)

WHEN to the dreary greenwood gloam  
Winfreda's husband strode that day,  
The fair Winfreda bode at home  
To toil the weary time away ;  
“ While thou art gone to hunt,” said she,  
“ I 'll brew a goodly sop for thee.”

Lo, from a further, gloomy wood,  
A hungry wolf all bristling hied  
And on the cottage threshold stood  
And saw the dame at work inside ;  
And, as he saw the pleasing sight,  
He licked his fangs so sharp and white.

Now when Winfreda saw the beast,  
Straight at the grinning wolf she ran,  
And, not affrighted in the least,  
She hit him with her cooking pan,

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And as she thwacked him on the head —  
“Scat! scat!” the fair Winfreda said.

The hills gave answer to their din —  
The brook in fear beheld the sight.  
And all that bloody field within  
Wore token of Winfreda's might.  
The wolf was very loath to stay —  
But, oh! he could not get away.

Winfreda swept him o'er the wold  
And choked him till his gums were blue,  
And till, beneath her iron hold,  
His tongue hung out a yard or two,  
And with his hair the riven ground  
Was strewn for many leagues around.

They fought a weary time that day,  
And seas of purple blood were shed,  
Till by Winfreda's cunning lay  
That awful wolf all limp and dead;  
Winfreda saw him reel and drop —  
Then back she went to brewing sop.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

So when the husband came at night  
From bootless chase, cold, gaunt, and  
grim,  
Great was that Saxon lord's delight  
To find the sop dished up for him;  
And as he ate, Winfreda told  
How she had laid the wolf out cold.

The good Winfreda of those days  
Is only "pretty Birdie" now —  
Sickly her soul and weak her ways —  
And she, to whom we Saxons bow,  
Leaps on a bench and screams with fright  
If but a mouse creeps into sight.

## LYMAN, FREDERICK, AND JIM

(FOR THE FELLOWSHIP CLUB)

LYMAN and Frederick and Jim, one day,  
Set out in a great big ship —  
Steamed to the ocean adown the bay  
Out of a New York slip.

“Where are you going and what is your  
game?”

The people asked those three.

“Darned if we know; but all the same  
Happy as larks are we;  
And happier still we ’re going to be!”

Said Lyman

And Frederick

And Jim.

The people laughed “Aha, oho!

Oho, aha!” laughed they;

And while those three went sailing so  
Some pirates steered that way.



SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

The pirates they were laughing, too —  
The prospect made them glad;  
But by the time the job was through  
Each of them pirates, bold and bad,  
Had been done out of all he had  
By Lyman  
And Frederick  
And Jim.

Days and weeks and months they sped,  
Painting that foreign clime  
A beautiful, bright vermilion red —  
And having a —— of a time!  
'T was all so gaudy a lark, it seemed  
As if it could not be,  
And some folks thought it a dream they  
dreamed  
Of sailing that foreign sea,  
But I 'll identify you these three —  
Lyman  
And Frederick  
And Jim.

Lyman and Frederick are bankers and sich  
And Jim is an editor kind;

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

The first two named are awfully rich  
And Jim ain't far behind!  
So keep your eyes open and mind your  
tricks,  
Or you are like to be  
In quite as much of a Tartar fix  
As the pirates that sailed the sea  
And monkeyed with the pardners three,  
Lyman  
And Frederick  
And Jim!

## BE MY SWEETHEART

SWEETHEART, be my sweetheart  
When birds are on the wing,  
When bee and bud and babbling flood  
Bespeak the birth of spring,  
Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart  
And wear this posy-ring!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart  
In the mellow golden glow  
Of earth aflush with the gracious blush  
Which the ripening fields foreshow;  
Dear sweetheart, be my sweetheart,  
As into the noon we go!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart  
When falls the bounteous year,  
When fruit and wine of tree and vine  
Give us their harvest cheer;  
Oh, sweetheart, be my sweetheart,  
For winter it draweth near.

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart  
When the year is white and old,  
When the fire of youth is spent, forsooth,  
And the hand of age is cold;  
Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart  
Till the year of our love be told!

## THE PETER-BIRD

OUT of the woods by the creek cometh  
a calling for Peter,  
And from the orchard a voice echoes and  
echoes it over;  
Down in the pasture the sheep hear that  
strange crying for Peter,  
Over the meadows that call is aye and for-  
ever repeated.  
So let me tell you the tale, when, where, and  
how it all happened,  
And, when the story is told, let us pay heed  
to the lesson.

Once on a time, long ago, lived in the State  
of Kentucky  
One that was reckoned a witch—full of  
strange spells and devices;  
Nightly she wandered the woods, searching  
for charms voodooistic —

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Scorpions, lizards, and herbs, dormice,  
chameleons, and plantains!  
Serpents and caw-caws and bats, screech-  
owls and crickets and adders —  
These were the guides of that witch through  
the dank deeps of the forest.  
Then, with her roots and her herbs, back to  
her cave in the morning  
Ambled that hussy to brew spells of un-  
speakable evil;  
And, when the people awoke, seeing that  
hillside and valley  
Sweltered in swathes as of mist — “Look!”  
they would whisper in terror —  
“Look! the old witch is at work brewing  
her spells of great evil!”  
Then would they pray till the sun, darting  
his rays through the vapor,  
Lifted the smoke from the earth and baffled  
the witch’s intentions.

One of the boys at that time was a certain  
young person named Peter,  
Given too little to work, given too largely  
to dreaming;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Fonder of books than of chores, you can  
imagine that Peter  
Led a sad life on the farm, causing his par-  
ents much trouble.

“Peter!” his mother would call, “the cream  
is a’ready for churning!”

“Peter!” his father would cry, “go grub at  
the weeds in the garden!”

So it was “Peter!” all day — calling, re-  
minding, and chiding —

Peter neglected his work; therefore that nag-  
ging at Peter!

Peter got hold of some books — how, I ’m  
unable to tell you;

Some have suspected the witch — this is no  
place for suspicions!

It is sufficient to stick close to the thread of  
the legend.

Nor is it stated or guessed what was the  
trend of those volumes;

What thing soever it was — done with a pen  
and a pencil,

Wrought with a brain, not a hoe — surely  
’t was hostile to farming!

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

“Fudge on all readin’!” they quoth; or  
“*that* ’s what ’s the ruin of Peter!”

So, when the mornings were hot, under the  
    beech or the maple,  
Cushioned in grass that was blue, breathing  
    the breath of the blossoms,  
Lulled by the hum of the bees, the coo of  
    the ring-doves a-mating,  
Peter would frivol his time at reading, or  
    lazing, or dreaming.  
“Peter!” his mother would call, “the  
    cream is a’ready for churning!”  
“Peter!” his father would cry, “go grub at  
    the weeds in the garden!”  
“Peter!” and “Peter!” all day — calling,  
    reminding, and chiding —  
Peter neglected his chores; therefore that  
    outcry for Peter;  
Therefore the neighbors allowed evil would  
    surely befall him —  
Yes, on account of these things, ruin would  
    come upon Peter!

Surely enough, on a time, reading and laz-  
    ing and dreaming



## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Wrought the calamitous ill all had predicted  
for Peter;  
For, of a morning in spring when lay the  
mist in the valleys —  
“See,” quoth the folk, “how the witch  
breweth her evil decoctions!  
See how the smoke from her fire broodeth  
on woodland and meadow!  
Grant that the sun cometh out to smother  
the smudge of her caldron!  
She hath been forth in the night, full of her  
spells and devices,  
Roaming the marshes and dells for heathen-  
ish magical nostrums;  
Digging in leaves and at stumps for centi-  
pedes, pismires, and spiders,  
Grubbing in poisonous pools for hot sala-  
manders and toadstools;  
Charming the bats from the flues, snaring  
the lizards by twilight,  
Sucking the scorpion’s egg and milking the  
breast of the adder!”

Peter derided these things held in such faith  
by the farmer,

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Scouted at magic and charms, hooted at  
Jonahs and hoodoos —  
Thinking and reading of books must have  
unsettled his reason!  
“There ain’t no witches,” he cried; “it  
is n’t smoky, but foggy!  
I will go out in the wet — you all can’t hen-  
der me, nuther!”

Surely enough he went out into the damp  
of the morning,  
Into the smudge that the witch spread over  
woodland and meadow,  
Into the fleecy gray pall brooding on hillside  
and valley.  
Laughing and scoffing, he strode into that  
hideous vapor;  
Just as he said he would do, just as he  
bantered and threatened,  
Ere they could fasten the door, Peter had  
done gone and done it!  
Wasting his time over books, you see, had  
unsettled his reason —  
Soddened his callow young brain with semi-  
pubescent paresis,

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And his neglect of his chores hastened this  
evil condition.

Out of the woods by the creek cometh a  
calling for Peter  
And from the orchard a voice echoes and  
echoes it over;  
Down in the pasture the sheep hear that  
shrill crying for Peter,  
Up from the spring house the wail stealeth  
anon like a whisper,  
Over the meadows that call is aye and for-  
ever repeated.  
Such *were* the voices that whooped wildly  
and vainly for Peter  
Decades and decades ago down in the State  
of Kentucky —  
Such *are* the voices that cry now from the  
woodland and meadow,  
“ Peter—O Peter!” all day, calling, remind-  
ing, and chiding —  
Taking us back to the time when Peter he  
done gone and done it!  
These are the voices of those left by the boy  
in the farmhouse

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

When, with his laughter and scorn, hatless  
and bootless and sockless,  
Clothed in his jeans and his pride, Peter  
sailed out in the weather,  
Broke from the warmth of his home into  
that fog of the devil,  
Into the smoke of that witch brewing her  
damnable porridge!

Lo, when he vanished from sight, knowing  
the evil that threatened,  
Forth with importunate cries hastened his  
father and mother.  
“Peter!” they shrieked in alarm, “Peter!”  
and evermore “Peter!” —  
Ran from the house to the barn, ran from the  
barn to the garden,  
Ran to the corn-crib anon, then to the  
smoke-house proceeded;  
Henhouse and woodpile they passed, calling  
and wailing and weeping,  
Through the front gate to the road, braving  
the hideous vapor —  
Sought him in lane and on pike, called him  
in orchard and meadow,

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Clamoring "Peter!" in vain, vainly outcrying for Peter.

Joining the search came the rest, brothers and sisters and cousins,

Venting unspeakable fears in pitiful wailing for Peter!

And from the neighboring farms gathered the men and the women,

Who, upon hearing the news, swelled the loud chorus for Peter.

Farmers and hussifs and maids, bosses and field-hands and niggers,

Colonels and jedges galore from cornfields and mint-beds and thickets,

All that had voices to voice, all to those parts appertaining,

Came to engage in the search, gathered and bellowed for Peter.

The Taylors, the Dorseys, the Browns, the Wallers, the Mitchells, the Logans,

The Yenowines, Crittendens, Dukes, the Hickmans, the Hobbses, the Morgans;

The Ormsbys, the Thompsons, the Hikes, the Williamsons, Murrays, and Hardins,

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

The Beynroths, the Sherleys, the Hokes, the  
Haldermans, Harneys, and Slaughters—  
All, famed in Kentucky of old for prowess  
prodigious at farming,  
Now surged from their prosperous homes  
to join in that hunt for the truant,  
To ascertain where he was at, to help out  
the chorus for Peter.

Still on those prosperous farms where heirs  
and assigns of the people  
Specified hereinabove and proved by the  
records of probate —  
*Still* on those farms shall you hear (and still  
on the turnpikes adjacent)  
That pitiful, petulant call, that pleading, ex-  
postulant wailing,  
That hopeless, monotonous moan, that  
crooning and droning for Peter.  
Some say the witch in her wrath trans-  
mogrified all those good people;  
That, wakened from slumber that day by  
the calling and bawling for Peter,  
She out of her cave in a thrice, and, waving  
the foot of a rabbit

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

(Crossed with the caul of a coon and  
smeared with the blood of a chicken),  
She changed all those folk into birds and  
shrieked with demoniac venom:

“Fly away over the land, moaning your  
Peter forever,  
Croaking of Peter, the boy who did n't be-  
lieve there were hoodoos,  
Crooning of Peter, the fool who scouted at  
stories of witches,  
Crying of Peter for aye, forever outcalling  
for Peter!”

This is the story they tell; so in good sooth  
saith the legend;  
As I have told it to you, so tell the folk and  
the legend.  
That it is true I believe, for on the breezes  
this morning  
Come the shrill voices of birds calling and  
calling for Peter;  
Out of the maple and beech glitter the eyes  
of the wailers,  
Peeping and peering for him who formerly  
lived in these places —

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Peter, the heretic lad, lazy and careless and  
dreaming,  
Sorely afflicted with books and with pubes-  
cent paresis,  
Hating the things of the farm, care of the  
barn and the garden,  
Always neglecting his chores — given to  
books and to reading,  
Which, as all people allow, turn the young  
person to mischief,  
Harden his heart against toil, wean his affec-  
tions from tillage.

This is the legend of yore told in the state of  
Kentucky  
When in the springtime the birds call from  
the beeches and maples,  
Call from the petulant thorn, call from the  
acid persimmon;  
When from the woods by the creek and  
from the pastures and meadows,  
When from the spring house and lane and  
from the mint-bed and orchard,  
When from the redbud and gum and from  
the redolent lilac,



## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

When from the dirt roads and pikes cometh  
that calling for Peter;  
Cometh the dolorous cry, cometh that weird  
iteration  
Of "Peter" and "Peter" for aye, of "Peter"  
and "Peter" forever!  
This is the legend of old, told in the tum-  
titty meter  
Which the great poets prefer, being less la-  
bor than rhyming  
(My first attempt at the same, my *last* at-  
tempt, too, I reckon!);  
Nor have I further to say, for the sad story  
is ended.

## SISTER'S CAKE

I 'D not complain of Sister Jane, for she  
was good and kind,  
Combining with rare comeliness distinctive  
gifts of mind ;  
Nay, I 'll admit it were most fit that, worn  
by social cares,  
She 'd crave a change from parlor life to that  
below the stairs,  
And that, eschewing needlework and music,  
she should take  
Herself to the substantial art of manufact-  
uring cake.

At breakfast, then, it would befall that Sister  
Jane would say:  
“ Mother, if you have got the things, I 'll  
make some cake to-day ! ”

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Poor mother 'd cast a timid glance at father,  
like as not —  
For father hinted sister's cooking cost a  
frightful lot —  
But neither *she* nor *he* presumed to signify  
dissent,  
Accepting it for gospel truth that what she  
wanted went!

No matter what the rest of 'em might chance  
to have in hand,  
The whole machinery of the house came to  
a sudden stand;  
The pots were hustled off the stove, the fire  
built up anew,  
With every damper set just so to heat the  
oven through;  
The kitchen-table was relieved of everything,  
to make  
That ample space which Jane required when  
she compounded cake.

And, oh! the bustling here and there, the  
flying to and fro;  
The click of forks that whipped the eggs to  
lather white as snow —

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And what a wealth of sugar melted swiftly  
out of sight —  
And butter? Mother said such waste would  
ruin father, quite!  
But Sister Jane preserved a mien no plead-  
ing could confound  
As she utilized the raisins and the citron by  
the pound.

Oh, hours of chaos, tumult, heat, vexatious  
din, and whirl!  
Of deep humiliation for the sullen hired-girl;  
Of grief for mother, hating to see things  
wasted so,  
And of fortune for that little boy who pined  
to taste that dough!  
It looked so sweet and yellow — sure, to  
taste it were no sin —  
But, oh! how sister scolded if he stuck his  
finger in!

The chances were as ten to one, before the  
job was through,  
That sister 'd think of something else she 'd  
great deal rather do!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

So, then, she 'd softly steal away, as Arabs  
in the night,  
Leaving the girl and ma to finish up as best  
they might;  
These tactics (artful Sister Jane) enabled her  
to take  
Or shift the credit or the blame of that too-  
treacherous cake!

And yet, unhappy is the man who has no  
Sister Jane —  
For he who has no sister seems to me to  
live in vain.  
I never had a sister — may be that is why to-  
day  
I 'm wizened and dyspeptic, instead of blithe  
and gay;  
A boy who 's only forty should be full of  
romp and mirth,  
But *I* (because I 'm sisterless) am the oldest  
man on earth!

Had I a little sister — oh, how happy I should  
be!  
I 'd never let her cast her eyes on any chap  
but me;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

I 'd love her and I 'd cherish her for better  
and for worse —

I 'd buy her gowns and bonnets, and sing  
her praise in verse;

And — yes, what 's more and vastly more —  
I tell you what I 'd do:

I 'd let her make her wondrous cake, and I  
would eat it, too!

I have a high opinion of the sisters, as you  
see —

Another fellow's sister is so very dear to me!

I love to work anear her when she 's mak-  
ing over frocks,

When she patches little trousers or darns  
prosaic socks;

But I draw the line at one thing — yes, I don  
my hat and take

A three hours' walk when she is moved to  
try her hand at cake!

ABU MIDJAN

*“ WHEN Father Time swings round  
his scythe,  
Intomb me 'neath the bounteous vine,  
So that its juices, red and blithe,  
May cheer these thirsty bones of mine.*

*“ Elsewise with tears and bated breath  
Should I survey the life to be.  
But oh! How should I hail the death  
That brings that vinous grace to me! ”*

So sung the dauntless Saracen,  
Whereat the Prophet-Chief ordains  
That, curst of Allah, loathed of men,  
The faithless one shall die in chains.

But one vile Christian slave that lay  
A prisoner near that prisoner saith:  
“ God willing, I will plant some day  
A vine where liest thou in death.”

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Lo, over Abu Midjan's grave  
    With purpling fruit a vine-tree grows;  
Where rots the martyred Christian slave  
    Allah, and only Allah, knows!



ED

ED was a man that played for keeps, 'nd  
when he tuk the notion,  
You cud n't stop him any more 'n a dam 'ud  
stop the ocean;  
For when he tackled to a thing 'nd sot his  
mind plum to it,  
You bet yer boots he done that thing though  
it broke the bank to do it!  
So all us boys uz knowed him best allowed  
he wuz n't jokin'  
When on a Sunday he remarked uz how  
he 'd gin up smokin'.

Now this remark, that Ed let fall, fell, ez I  
say, on Sunday —  
Which is the reason we wuz shocked to see  
him sail in Monday

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

A-puffin' at a snipe that sizzled like a Chi-  
nese cracker  
An' smelt fur all the world like rags instead  
uv like terbacker;  
Recoverin' from our first surprise, us fellows  
fell to pokin'  
A heap uv fun at "folks uz said how they  
had gin up smokin'."

But Ed — sez he: "I found my work cud  
not be done without it —  
Jes' try the scheme yourselves, my friends,  
ef any uv you doubt it!  
It 's hard, I know, upon one's health, but  
there 's a certain beauty  
In makin' sackerfices to the stern demands  
uv duty!  
So, wholly in a sperrit uv denial 'nd conces-  
sion,  
I mortify the flesh 'nd smoke for the sake uv  
my perfession!"

## JENNIE

SOME men affect a liking  
For the prim in face and mind,  
And some prefer the striking  
And the loud in womankind;  
Wee Madge is wooed of many,  
And buxom Kate, as well,  
And Jennie — charming Jennie —  
Ah, Jennie does n't tell!

What eyes so bright as Daisy's,  
And who as Maud so fair?  
Who does not sing the praises  
Of Lucy's golden hair?  
There 's Sophie — she is witty,  
A very sprite is Nell,  
And Susie's, oh, so pretty —  
But Jennie does n't tell!

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And now for my confession:  
Of all the virtues rare,  
I argue that discretion  
Doth most beseem the fair.  
And though I hear the many  
Extol each other belle,  
I—I pronounce for Jennie,  
For Jennie does n't tell!

## CONTENTMENT

HAPPY the man that, when his day is  
done,

Lies down to sleep with nothing of re-  
gret —

The battle he has fought may not be won —

The fame he sought be just as fleeting yet;  
Folding at last his hands upon his breast,

Happy is he, if hoary and forespent,  
He sinks into the last, eternal rest,

Breathing these only words: "I am con-  
tent."

But happier he, that, while his blood is warm,  
Sees hopes and friendships dead about him  
lie —

Bares his brave breast to envy's bitter storm,  
Nor shuns the poison barbs of calumny;  
And 'mid it all, stands sturdy and elate,

Girt only in the armor God hath meant  
For him who 'neath the buffetings of fate  
Can say to God and man: "I am content."

## “GUESS”

THERE is a certain Yankee phrase  
I always have revered,  
Yet, somehow, in these modern days,  
It 's almost disappeared;  
It was the usage years ago,  
But nowadays it 's got  
To be regarded coarse and low  
To answer: “I guess not!”

The height of fashion called the pink  
Affects a British craze —  
Prefers “I fancy ” or “I think ”  
To that time-honored phrase;  
But here 's a Yankee, if you please,  
That brands the fashion rot,  
And to all heresies like these  
He answers, “I — guess not!”

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

When Chaucer, Wycliff, and the rest  
Express their meaning thus,  
I guess, if not the very best,  
It 's good enough for us!  
Why! shall the idioms of our speech  
Be banished and forgot  
For this vain trash which moderns teach?  
Well, no, sir; I guess not!

There 's meaning in that homely phrase  
No other words express —  
No substitute therefor conveys  
Such unobtrusive stress.  
True Anglo-Saxon speech, it goes  
Directly to the spot,  
And he who hears it always knows  
The worth of "I — guess — not!"

## NEW-YEAR'S EVE

GOOD old days — dear old days  
When my heart beat high and bold —  
When the things of earth seemed full of  
    life,  
    And the future a haze of gold!  
Oh, merry was I that winter night,  
    And gleeful our little one's din,  
And tender the grace of my darling's face  
    As we watched the new year in.  
But a voice — a spectre's, that mocked at  
    love —  
    Came out of the yonder hall;  
“Tick-tock, tick-tock!” ’t was the solemn  
    clock  
    That ruefully croaked to all.  
Yet what knew we of the griefs to be  
    In the year we longed to greet?  
Love — love was the theme of the sweet,  
    sweet dream  
    I fancied might never fleet!



SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

But the spectre stood in that yonder gloom,  
And these were the words it spake,  
“Tick-tock, tick-tock” — and they seemed  
to mock  
A heart about to break.

’T is new-year’s eve, and again I watch  
In the old familiar place,  
And I ’m thinking again of that old time  
when  
I looked on a dear one’s face.  
Never a little one hugs my knee  
And I hear no gleeful shout —  
I am sitting alone by the old hearthstone,  
Watching the old year out.  
But I welcome the voice in yonder gloom  
That solemnly calls to me:  
“Tick-tock, tick-tock!” — for so the clock  
Tells of a life to be;  
“Tick-tock, tick-tock!” — ’t is so the clock  
Tells of eternity.

## OLD SPANISH SONG

I 'M thinking of the wooing  
That won my maiden heart  
When he — he came pursuing  
A love unused to art.  
Into the drowsy river  
The moon transported flung  
Her soul that seemed to quiver  
With the songs my lover sung.  
And the stars in rapture twinkled  
On the slumbrous world below —  
You see that, old and wrinkled,  
I 'm not forgetful — no!

He still should be repeating  
The vows he uttered then —  
Alas! the years, though fleeting,  
Are truer yet than men!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

The summer moonlight glistens  
In the favorite trysting spot  
Where the river ever listens  
For a song it heareth not.  
And I, whose head is sprinkled  
With time's benumbing snow,  
I languish, old and wrinkled,  
But not forgetful — no!

What though he elsewhere turneth  
To beauty strangely bold?  
Still in my bosom burneth  
The tender fire of old;  
And the words of love he told me  
And the songs he sung me then  
Come crowding to uphold me,  
And I live my youth again!  
For when love's feet have tinkled  
On the pathway women go,  
Though one be old and wrinkled,  
She's not forgetful — no!

## THE BROKEN RING

TO the willows of the brookside  
The mill wheel sings to-day —  
Sings and weeps,  
As the brooklet creeps  
Wondering on its way;  
And here is the ring *she* gave me  
With love's sweet promise then —  
It hath burst apart  
Like the trusting heart  
That may never be soothed again!

Oh, I would be a minstrel  
To wander far and wide,  
Weaving in song the merciless wrong  
Done by a perjured bride!  
Or I would be a soldier,  
To seek in the bloody fray  
What gifts of fate can compensate  
For the pangs I suffer to-day!

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Yet may this aching bosom,  
By bitter sorrow crushed,  
Be still and cold  
In the churchyard mould  
Ere *thy* sweet voice be hushed;  
So sing, sing on forever,  
O wheel of the brookside mill,  
For you mind me again  
Of the old time when  
I felt love's gracious thrill.

## IN PRAISE OF CONTENTMENT

(HORACE'S ODES, III, I)

I HATE the common, vulgar herd!  
Away they scamper when I "booh" 'em!  
But pretty girls and nice young men  
Observe a proper silence when  
I chose to sing my lyrics to 'em.

The kings of earth, whose fleeting pow'r  
Excites our homage and our wonder,  
Are precious small beside old Jove,  
The father of us all, who drove  
The giants out of sight, by thunder!

This man loves farming, that man law,  
While this one follows pathways martial—  
What moots it whither mortals turn?  
Grim fate from her mysterious urn  
Doles out the lots with hand impartial.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Nor sumptuous feasts nor studied sports  
Delight the heart by care tormented;  
The mightiest monarch knoweth not  
The peace that to the lowly cot  
Sleep bringeth to the swain contented.

On him untouched of discontent  
Care sits as lightly as a feather;  
He does n't growl about the crops,  
Or worry when the market drops,  
Or fret about the changeful weather.

Not so with him who, rich in fact,  
Still seeks his fortune to redouble;  
Though dig he deep or build he high,  
Those scourges twain shall lurk anigh —  
Relentless Care, relentless Trouble!

If neither palaces nor robes  
Nor unguents nor expensive toddy  
Insure Contentment's soothing bliss,  
Why should I build an edifice  
Where Envy comes to fret a body?

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Nay, I 'd not share your sumptuous cheer,  
But rather sup my rustic pottage,  
While that sweet boon the gods bestow —  
The peace your mansions cannot know —  
Blesseth my lowly Sabine cottage.



## THE BALLAD OF THE TAYLOR PUP

NOW lithe and listen, gentles all,  
Now lithe ye all and hark  
Unto a ballad I shall sing  
About Buena Park.

Of all the wonders happening there  
The strangest hap befell  
Upon a famous Aprile morn,  
As I you now shall tell.

It is about the Taylor pup  
And of his mistress eke  
And of the prankish time they had  
That I am fain to speak.

### FITTE THE FIRST

The pup was of as noble mien  
As e'er you gazed upon;

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

They called his mother Lady  
And his father was a Don.

And both his mother and his sire  
Were of the race Bernard —  
The family famed in histories  
And hymned of every bard.

His form was of exuberant mold,  
Long, slim, and loose of joints;  
There never yet was pointer-dog  
So full as he of points.

His hair was like to yellow fleece,  
His eyes were black and kind,  
And like a nodding, gilded plume  
His tail stuck up behind.

His bark was very, very fierce,  
And fierce his appetite,  
Yet was it only things to eat  
That he was prone to bite.

But in that one particular  
He was so passing true  
That never did he quit a meal  
Until he had got through.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Potatoes, biscuits, mush or hash,  
Joint, chop, or chicken limb —  
So long as it was edible,  
'T was all the same to him!

And frequently when Hunger's pangs  
Assailed that callow pup,  
He masticated boots and gloves  
Or chewed a door-mat up.

So was he much beholden of  
The folk that him did keep;  
They loved him when he was awake  
And better still asleep.

## FITTE THE SECOND

Now once his master, lingering o'er  
His breakfast coffee-cup,  
Observed unto his doting spouse:  
"You ought to wash the pup!"

"That shall I do this very day,  
His doting spouse replied;  
"You will not know the pretty thing  
When he is washed and dried.

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

“ But tell me, dear, before you go  
Unto your daily work,  
Shall I use Ivory soap on him,  
Or Colgate, Pears’ or Kirk ? ”

“ Odzooks, it matters not a whit —  
They all are good to use!  
Take Pearline, if it pleases you —  
Sapolio, if you choose!

“ Take any soap, but take the pup  
And also water take,  
And mix the three discreetly up  
Till they a lather make.

“ Then mixing these constituent parts,  
Let Nature take her way,”  
With which advice that sapient sir  
Had nothing more to say.

Then fared he to his daily toil  
All in the Board of Trade,  
While Mistress Taylor for that bath  
Due preparation made.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

### FITTE THE THIRD

She whistled gayly to the pup  
And called him by his name,  
And presently the guileless thing  
All unsuspecting came.

But when she shut the bath-room door,  
And caught him as catch-can,  
And hove him in that odious tub,  
His sorrows then began.

How did that callow, yallow thing  
Regret that Aprile morn —  
Alas! how bitterly he rued  
The day that he was born!

Twice and again, but all in vain  
He lifted up his wail;  
His voice was all the pup could lift,  
For thereby hangs this tale.

'T was by that tail she held him down,  
And presently she spread  
The creamy lather on his back,  
His stomach, and his head.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

His ears hung down in sorry wise,  
His eyes were, oh! so sad —  
He looked as though he just had lost  
The only friend he had.

And higher yet the water rose,  
The lather still increased,  
And sadder still the countenance  
Of that poor martyred beast!

Yet all the time his mistress spoke  
Such artful words of cheer  
As “Oh, how nice!” and “Oh, how  
clean!”  
And “There’s a patient dear!”

At last the trial had an end,  
At last the pup was free;  
She threw aside the bath-room door —  
“Now get you gone!” quoth she.

## FITTE THE FOURTH

Then from that tub and from that room  
He gat with vast ado;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

At every hop he gave a shake,  
And — how the water flew!

He paddled down the winding stairs  
And to the parlor hied,  
Dispensing pools of foamy suds  
And slop on every side.

Upon the carpet then he rolled  
And brushed against the wall,  
And, horror! whisked his lathery sides  
On overcoat and shawl.

Attracted by the dreadful din,  
His mistress came below —  
Who, who can speak her wonderment—  
Who, who can paint her woe!

Great smears of soap were here and  
there —  
Her startled vision met  
With blobs of lather everywhere,  
And everything was wet!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Then Mrs. Taylor gave a shriek  
Like one about to die:  
“Get out — get out, and don't you dare  
Come in till you are dry!”

With that she opened wide the door  
And waved the critter through;  
Out in the circumambient air  
With grateful yelps he flew.

### FITTE THE FIFTH

He whisked into the dusty street  
And to the Waller lot,  
Where bonnie Annie Evans played  
With charming Sissy Knott.

And with those pretty little dears  
He mixed himself all up —  
Oh, fie upon such boisterous play —  
Fie, fie, you naughty pup!

Woe, woe on Annie's India mull,  
And Sissy's blue percale!  
One got that pup's belathered flanks,  
And one his soapy tail!



## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Forth to the rescue of those maids  
Rushed gallant Willie Clow;  
His panties they were white and clean —  
Where are those panties now ?

Where is the nicely laundered shirt  
That Kendall Evans wore,  
And Robbie James' tricot coat  
All buttoned up before ?

The leaven, which, as we are told,  
Leavens a monstrous lump,  
Hath far less reaching qualities  
Than a wet pup on the jump.

This way and that he swung and swayed,  
He gambolled far and near,  
And everywhere he thrust himself  
He left a soapy smear.

## FITTE THE SIXTH

That noon a dozen little dears  
Were spanked and put to bed  
With naught to stay their appetites  
But cheerless crusts of bread.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

That noon a dozen hired girls  
Washed out each gown and shirt  
Which that exuberant Taylor pup  
Had frescoed o'er with dirt.

That whole day long the Aprile sun  
Smiled sweetly from above  
On clotheslines flaunting to the breeze  
The emblems mothers love.

That whole day long the Taylor pup  
This way and that did hie  
Upon his mad, erratic course,  
Intent on getting dry.

That night when Mr. Taylor came  
His vesper meal to eat,  
He uttered things my pious pen  
Would liefer not repeat.

Yet still that noble Taylor pup  
Survives to romp and bark  
And stumble over folks and things  
In fair Buena Park.

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Good sooth, I wot he should be called  
Buena's favorite son  
Who 's sired of such a noble sire  
And dammed by every one!

AFTER READING TROLLOPE'S HIS-  
TORY OF FLORENCE

MY books are on their shelves again  
And clouds lie low with mist and rain.  
Afar the Arno murmurs low  
The tale of fields of melting snow.  
List to the bells of times ago  
The while I wait me for the dawn.

Beneath great Giotto's Campanile  
The gray ghosts throng; their whispers steal  
From poets' bosoms long since dust;  
They ask me now to go. I trust  
Their fleeter footsteps where again  
They come at night and live as men.

The rain falls on Ghiberti's gates;  
The big drops hang on purple dates;

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And yet beneath the ilex-shades —  
Dear trysting-place for boys and maids —  
There comes a form from days of old,  
With Beatrice's hair of gold.

The breath of lands or lilled streams  
Floats through the fabric of my dreams;  
And yonder from the hills of song,  
Where psalmists brood and prophets throng,  
The lone, majestic Dante leads  
His love across the blooming meads.

Along the almond walks I tread  
And greet the figures of the dead.  
Mirandula walks here with him  
Who lived with gods and seraphim;  
Yet where Colonna's fair feet go  
There passes Michael Angelo.

In Rome or Florence, still with her  
Stands lone and grand her worshipper.  
In Leonardo's brain there move  
Christ and the children of His love;  
And Raphael is touching now,  
For the last time, an angel's brow.

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Angelico is praying yet  
Where lives no pang of man's regret,  
And, mixing tears and prayers within  
His palette's wealth, absolved from sin,  
He dips his brush in hues divine;  
San Marco's angel faces shine.

Within Lorenzo's garden green,  
Where olives hide their boughs between,  
The lovers, as they read betimes  
Their love within Petrarca's lines,  
Stand near the marbles found at Rome,  
Lost shades that search in vain for home.

They pace the paths along the stream,  
Dark Vallombrosa in their dream.  
They sing, amidst the rain-drenched pines,  
Of Tuscan gold that ruddier shines  
Behind a saint's auroral face  
That shows e'en yet the master's trace.

But lo, within the walls of gray,  
E're yet there falls a glint of day,  
And far without, from hill to vale,  
Where honey-hearted nightingale  
Or meads of pale anemones  
Make sweet the coming morning breeze —

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

I hear a voice, of prophet tone,  
A voice of doom, like his alone  
That once in Gadara was heard;  
The old walls trembled — lo, the bird  
Has ceased to sing, and yonder waits  
Lorenzo at his palace gates.

Some Romola in passing by  
Turns toward the ruler, and his sigh  
Wanders amidst the myrtle bowers  
Or o'er the city's mantled towers,  
For she is Florence! “Wilt thou hear  
San Marco's prophet? Doom is near.”

“Her liberties,” he cries, “restore!  
This much for Florence — yea, and more  
To men and God!” The days are gone;  
And in an hour of perfect dawn  
I stand beneath the cypress trees  
That shiver still with words like these.

## A LULLABY

THE stars are twinkling in the skies,  
The earth is lost in slumbers deep;  
So hush, my sweet, and close thine eyes,  
And let me lull thy soul to sleep.  
Compose thy dimpled hands to rest,  
And like a little birdling lie  
Secure within thy cozy nest  
Upon my loving mother breast,  
And slumber to my lullaby,  
So hushaby — O hushaby.

The moon is singing to a star  
The little song I sing to you;  
The father sun has strayed afar,  
As baby's sire is straying too.  
And so the loving mother moon  
Sings to the little star on high;



SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And as she sings, her gentle tune  
Is borne to me, and thus I croon  
    For thee, my sweet, that lullaby  
    Of hushaby — O hushaby.

There is a little one asleep  
    That does not hear his mother's song;  
But angel watchers — as I weep —  
    Surround his grave the night-tide long.  
And as I sing, my sweet, to you,  
    Oh, would the lullaby I sing —  
The same sweet lullaby he knew  
While slumb'ring on this bosom too —  
    Were borne to him on angel's wing!  
    So hushaby — O hushaby.

## “THE OLD HOMESTEAD”

JEST as atween the awk'ard lines a hand  
we love has penn'd  
Appears a meanin' hid from other eyes,  
So, in your simple, homespun art, old honest  
Yankee friend,

A power o' tearful, sweet seggestion lies.  
We see it all — the pictur' that our mem'ries  
hold so dear —

The homestead in New England far away,  
An' the vision is so nat'ral-like we almost  
seem to hear

The voices that were heshed but yester-  
day.

Ah, who 'd ha' thought the music of that  
distant childhood time

Would sleep through all the changeful,  
bitter years

To waken into melodies like Chris'mas bells  
a-chime

An' to claim the ready tribute of our tears!

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Why, the robins in the maples an' the black-  
birds round the pond,

The crickets an' the locusts in the leaves,  
The brook that chased the trout adown the  
hillside just beyond,

An' the swallows in their nests beneath the  
eaves —

They all come troopin' back with you, dear  
Uncle Josh, to-day,

An' they seem to sing with all the joy-  
ous zest

Of the days when we were Yankee boys  
an' Yankee girls at play,

With nary thought of "livin' way out  
West"!

God bless ye, Denman Thomps'n, for the  
good y' do our hearts

With this music an' these memories o'  
youth —

God bless ye for the faculty that tops all  
human arts,

The good ol' Yankee faculty of Truth!

## CHRISTMAS HYMN

SING, Christmas bells!  
Say to the earth this is the morn  
Whereon our Saviour-King is born;  
Sing to all men — the bond, the free,  
The rich, the poor, the high, the low —  
The little child that sports in glee —  
The aged folk that tottering go —  
Proclaim the morn  
That Christ is born,  
That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, angel host!  
Sing of the star that God has placed  
Above the manger in the east;  
Sing of the glories of the night,  
The virgin's sweet humility,  
The Babe with kingly robes bedight —

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Sing to all men where'er they be  
    This Christmas morn,  
    For Christ is born,  
That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, sons of earth!  
O ransomed seed of Adam, sing!  
God liveth, and we have a King!  
    The curse is gone, the bond are free —  
By Bethlehem's star that brightly beamed,  
    By all the heavenly signs that be,  
We know that Israel is redeemed —  
    That on this morn  
    The Christ is born  
That saveth you and saveth me!

Sing, O my heart!  
Sing thou in rapture this dear morn  
Whereon the blessed Prince is born!  
    And as thy songs shall be of love,  
So let my deeds be charity —  
    By the dear Lord that reigns above,  
By Him that died upon the tree,  
    By this fair morn  
    Whereon is born  
The Christ that saveth all and me!

## A PARAPHRASE OF HEINE

(LYRIC INTERMEZZO)

THERE fell a star from realms above —  
A glittering, glorious star to see!  
Methought it was the star of love,  
So sweetly it illumined me.

And from the apple branches fell  
Blossoms and leaves that time in June;  
The wanton breezes wooed them well  
With soft caress and amorous tune.

The white swan proudly sailed along  
And vied her beauty with her note —  
The river, jealous of her song,  
Threw up its arms to clasp her throat.

But now — oh, now the dream is past —  
The blossoms and the leaves are dead,  
The swan's sweet song is hushed at last,  
And not a star burns overhead.

## THE CONVALESCENT GRIPSTER

THE gods let slip that fiendish grip  
Upon me last week Sunday —  
No fiercer storm than racked my form  
E'er swept the Bay of Fundy;  
But now, good-by  
To drugs, say I —  
Good-by to gnawing sorrow;  
I am up to-day,  
And, whoop, hooray!  
I 'm going out to-morrow!

What aches and pain in bones and brain  
I had I need not mention;  
It seemed to me such pangs must be  
Old Satan's own invention;  
Albeit I  
Was sure I 'd die,  
The doctor reassured me —

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And, true enough,  
With his vile stuff,  
He ultimately cured me.

As there I lay in bed all day,  
How fair outside looked to me!  
A smile so mild old Nature smiled  
It seemed to warm clean through me.  
In chastened mood  
The scene I viewed,  
Inventing, sadly solus,  
Fantastic rhymes  
Between the times  
I had to take a bolus.

Of quinine slugs and other drugs  
I guess I took a million —  
Such drugs as serve to set each nerve  
To dancing a cotillon;  
The doctors say  
The only way  
To rout the grip instanter  
Is to pour in  
All kinds of sin —  
Similibus curantur!



SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

'T was hard; and yet I 'll soon forget  
Those ills and cures distressing;  
One's future lies 'neath gorgeous skies  
When one is convalescing!  
So now, good-by  
To drugs say I—  
Good-by, thou phantom Sorrow!  
I am up to-day,  
And, whoop, hooray!  
I'm going out to-morrow.

## THE SLEEPING CHILD

MY baby slept — how calm his rest,  
As o'er his handsome face a smile  
Like that of angel flitted, while  
He lay so still upon my breast!

My baby slept — his baby head  
Lay all unkiss'd 'neath pall and shroud:  
I did not weep or cry aloud —  
I only wished I, too, were dead!

My baby sleeps — a tiny mound,  
All covered by the little flowers,  
Woos me in all my waking hours,  
Down in the quiet burying-ground.

And when I sleep I seem to be  
With baby in another land —  
I take his little baby hand —  
He smiles and sings sweet songs to me.

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Sleep on, O baby, while I keep  
My vigils till this day be passed!  
Then shall I, too, lie down at last,  
And with my baby darling sleep.

## THE TWO COFFINS

**I**N yonder old cathedral  
Two lovely coffins lie;  
In one, the head of the state lies dead,  
And a singer sleeps hard by.

Once had that King great power  
And proudly ruled the land —  
His crown e'en now is on his brow  
And his sword is in his hand.

How sweetly sleeps the singer  
With calmly folded eyes,  
And on the breast of the bard at rest  
The harp that he sounded lies.

The castle walls are falling  
And war distracts the land,  
But the sword leaps not from that mil-  
dewed spot  
There in that dead king's hand.

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

But with every grace of nature  
There seems to float along —  
To cheer again the hearts of men —  
The singer's deathless song.

## CLARE MARKET

I N the market of Clare, so cheery the glare  
Of the shops and the booths of the trades-  
people there;  
That I take a delight on a Saturday night  
In walking that way and in viewing the  
sight.  
For it 's here that one sees all the objects  
that please —  
New patterns in silk and old patterns in  
cheese,  
For the girls pretty toys, rude alarums for  
boys,  
And baubles galore while discretion enjoys —  
But here I forbear, for I really despair  
Of naming the wealth of the market of Clare.

A rich man comes down from the elegant  
town  
And looks at it all with an ominous frown;  
He seems to despise the grandiloquent cries

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Of the vender proclaiming his puddings and  
pies;  
And sniffing he goes through the lanes that  
disclose  
Much cause for disgust to his sensitive nose;  
And free of the crowd, he admits he is proud  
That elsewhere in London this thing's not  
allowed;  
He has seen nothing there but filth every-  
where,  
And he 's glad to get out of the market of  
Clare.

But the child that has come from the gloom  
of the slum  
Is charmed by the magic of dazzle and hum;  
He feasts his big eyes on the cakes and the  
pies,  
And they seem to grow green and protrude  
with surprise  
At the goodies they vend and the toys with-  
out end —  
And it 's oh! if he had but a penny to spend!  
But alas, he must gaze in a hopeless amaze  
At treasures that glitter and torches that  
blaze —

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

What sense of despair in this world can  
compare  
With that of the waif in the market of Clare?

So, on Saturday night, when my custom in-  
vites

A stroll in old London for curious sights,  
I am likely to stray by a devious way  
Where goodies are spread in a motley array,  
The things which some eyes would appear  
to despise

Impress me as pathos in homely disguise,  
And my battered waif-friend shall have pen-  
nies to spend,

So long as I 've got 'em (or chums that will  
lend);

And the urchin shall share in my joy and  
declare

That there 's beauty and good in the market  
of Clare.



## A DREAM OF SPRINGTIME

I 'M weary of this weather and I hanker  
for the ways  
Which people read of in the psalms and  
preachers paraphrase —  
The grassy fields, the leafy woods, the  
banks where I can lie  
And listen to the music of the brook that  
flutters by,  
Or, by the pond out yonder, hear the red-  
wing blackbird's call  
Where he makes believe he has a nest, but  
has n't one at all;  
And by my side should be a friend — a  
trusty, genial friend,  
With plenteous store of tales galore and  
natural leaf to lend;  
Oh, how I pine and hanker for the gracious  
boon of spring —  
For *then* I 'm going a-fishing with John  
Lyle King!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

How like to pigmies will appear creation, as  
we float

Upon the bosom of the tide in a three-by-  
thirteen boat —

Forgotten all vexations and all vanities shall  
be,

As we cast our cares to windward and our  
anchor to the lee;

Anon the minnow-bucket will emit batrach-  
ian sobs,

And the devil's darning-needles shall come  
wooing of our bobs;

The sun shall kiss our noses and the breezes  
toss our hair

(This latter metaphoric — we 've no fimbriæ  
to spare!);

And I — transported by the bliss — shan't  
do a plaguey thing

But cut the bait and string the fish for John  
Lyle King!

Or, if I angle, it will be for bullheads and  
the like,

While he shall fish for gamey bass, for  
pickerel, and for pike;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

I really do not care a rap for all the fish that  
swim —

But it 's worth the wealth of Indies just to  
be along with him

In grassy fields, in leafy woods, beside the  
water-brooks,

And hear him tell of things he 's seen or  
read of in his books —

To hear the sweet philosophy that trickles  
in and out

The while he is discoursing of the things  
we talk about;

A fountain-head refreshing — a clear, peren-  
nial spring

Is the genial conversation of John Lyle King!

Should varying winds or shifting tides re-  
dound to our despite —

In other words, should we return all boot-  
less home at night,

I 'd back him up in anything he had a mind  
to say

Of mighty bass he 'd left behind or lost upon  
the way;

I 'd nod assent to every yarn involving pis-  
cine game —

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

I 'd cross my heart and make my affidavit  
to the same;  
For what is friendship but a scheme to help  
a fellow out —  
And what a paltry fish or two to make such  
bones about!  
Nay, Sentiment a mantle of sweet charity  
would fling  
O'er perjuries committed for John Lyle King.

At night, when as the camp-fire cast a ruddy,  
genial flame,  
He 'd bring his tuneful fiddle out and play  
upon the same;  
No diabolic engine this — no instrument of  
sin —  
No relative at all to that lewd toy, the violin!  
But a godly hoosier fiddle — a quaint archaic  
thing  
Full of all the proper melodies our grandmas  
used to sing;  
With "Bonnie Doon," and "Nellie Gray,"  
and "Sitting on the Stile,"  
"The Heart Bowed Down," the "White  
Cockade," and "Charming Annie Lisle"

SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

Our hearts would echo and the sombre  
    empyrean ring  
Beneath the wizard sorcery of John Lyle  
    King.

The subsequent proceedings should interest  
    me no more —

Wrapped in a woolen blanket should I  
    calmly dream and snore;

The finny game that swims by day is my  
    supreme delight —

And *not* the scaly game that flies in dark-  
    ness of the night!

Let those who are so minded pursue this  
    latter game

But not repine if they should lose a boodle  
    in the same;

For an example to you all one paragon should  
    serve —

He towers a very monument to valor and to  
    nerve;

No bob-tail flush, no nine-spot high, no  
    measly pair can wring

A groan of desperation from John Lyle King!

A truce to badinage — I hope far distant is  
    the day

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

When from these scenes terrestrial our  
friend shall pass away!

We like to hear his cheery voice uplifted in  
the land,

To see his calm, benignant face, to grasp his  
honest hand;

We like him for his learning, his sincerity,  
his truth,

His gallantry to woman and his kindness  
to youth,

For the lenience of his nature, for the vigor  
of his mind,

For the fulness of that charity he bears to  
all mankind—

That 's why we folks who know him best  
so reverently cling

(And that is why I pen these lines) to John  
Lyle King.

And now adieu, a fond adieu to thee, O muse  
of rhyme—

I do remand thee to the shades until that  
happier time

When fields are green, and posies gay are  
budding everywhere,

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

And there 's a smell of clover bloom upon  
the vernal air ;  
When by the pond out yonder the redwing  
blackbird calls,  
And distant hills are wed to Spring in veils  
of water-falls ;  
When from his aqueous element the fam-  
ished pickerel springs  
Two hundred feet into the air for butterflies  
and things —  
*Then* come again, O gracious muse, and  
teach me how to sing  
The glory of a fishing cruise with John Lyle  
King!

## UHLAND'S WHITE STAG.

**I**NTO the woods three huntsmen came,  
Seeking the white stag for their game.

They laid them under a green fir-tree  
And slept, and dreamed strange things to  
see.

(FIRST HUNTSMAN)

I dreamt I was beating the leafy brush,  
When out popped the noble stag — hush,  
hush!

(SECOND HUNTSMAN)

As ahead of the clamorous pack he sprang,  
I pelted him hard in the hide — piff, bang!



SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

(THIRD HUNTSMAN)

And as that stag lay dead I blew  
On my horn a lusty tir-ril-la-loo!

So speak the three as there they lay  
When lo! the white stag sped that way,

Frisked his heels at those huntsmen three,  
Then leagues o'er hill and dale was he —  
Hush, hush! Piff, bang! Tir-ril-la-loo!

## HOW SALTY WIN OUT

USED to think that luck wuz luck and  
nuthin' else but luck —

It made no diff'rence how or when or where  
or why it struck;

But sev'ral years ago I changt my mind, an'  
now proclaim

That luck 's a kind uv science — same as any  
other game;

It happened out in Denver in the spring uv  
'80 when

Salty teched a humpback an' win out ten.

Salty wuz a printer in the good ol' Tribune  
days,

An', natural-like, he fell into the good ol'  
Tribune ways;

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

So, every Sunday evenin' he would sit into  
the game  
Which in this crowd uv thoroughbreds I  
think I need not name;  
An' there he 'd sit until he rose, an', when  
he rose, he wore  
Invariably less wealth about his person than  
before.

But once there came a powerful change; one  
sollum Sunday night  
Occurred the tidal wave that put ol' Salty  
out o' sight.  
He win on deuce an' ace an' Jack — he win  
on king an' queen —  
Clif Bell allowed the like uv how he win wuz  
never seen.  
An' how he done it wuz revealed to all us  
fellers when  
He said he teched a humpback to win out  
ten.

There must be somethin' in it, for he never  
win afore,  
An' when he told the crowd about the  
humpback, how they swore!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

For every sport allows it is a losin' game to  
luck

Agin the science uv a man who 's teched a  
hump f'r luck;

And there is no denyin' luck wuz nowhere  
in it when

Salty teched a humpback an' win out ten.

I 've had queer dreams an' seen queer things,  
an' allus tried to do

The thing that luck apparently intended f'r  
me to;

Cats, funerils, cripples, beggers have I treat-  
ed with regard,

An' charity subscriptions have hit me pow-  
erful hard;

But what 's the use uv talkin' ? I say, an'  
say again:

You 've got to tech a humpback to win out  
ten!

So, though I used to think that luck wuz  
lucky, I'll allow

That luck, for luck, agin a hump aint no-  
where in it now!

## SONGS AND OTHER VERSE

An' though I can't explain the whys an'  
wherefores, I maintain  
There must be somethin' in it when the tip 's  
so straight an' plain;  
For I wuz there an' seen it, an' got full with  
Salty when  
Salty teched a humpback an' win out ten!











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